



BLUE GRAY



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“BLUE AND GRAY”

OR,

Two Oaths and Three Warnings.

BY LOUISIANA.



NEW ORLEANS:

1885.







Timidly we launch, at this late date, upon the broad stream of universal criticism, this simple little story, written in the spring of 1876, woven from some actual occurrences of our late Civil War, and its subsequent gloomy days—slightly shading the original, or presenting in brighter colors some of its darker hues.

An allusion to "Our Governor," Chapter VIII, was our people's choice—that brave, high-toned gentleman, FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS, and though our seated President was called a "fraud"—we as a grateful people should ever remember that it was he who first did justice to our suffering State in recognizing its people's choice.

And of the prophesy regarding our Crescent, Chapter VIII, is she not indeed Queen of our Sunny South in her two grand Expositions?

89774

Unavoidable circumstances combined in preventing the publication of this little work previously, yet we trust it may have been "all for the best," hoping that it will now be received by both the "Blue and Gray" as it is intended—a cementing, or peace-offering.

Our mind may not be stored with lore or logic, and far from brilliant, yet we disdain useless polysyllables, aiming but to indite a plain sensible recital, according "honor to whom honor is due," therefore, earnestly plead for leniency from the gifted and wise, and as charity and generosity are noble traits, we entreat their combined assistance to aid us in our humble endeavor to please, trusting that something in the following pages may point a moral for the lasting benefit of some careless soul, from among a discerning public.

THE AUTHOR.





Hoping that this slight testimony of respect will not be construed into one of presumption, I would most respectfully dedicate this small simple work to the

Battalion Washington Artillery,

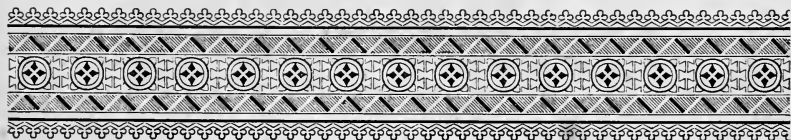
NEW ORLEANS,

in memory of a dear young Kentucky friend, who joined this old time-honored command just as it was about to depart for the seat of war in our old Mother State, but whose career of fame as a soldier, to which he most ardently aspired, was suddenly arrested by the relentless grasp of death.

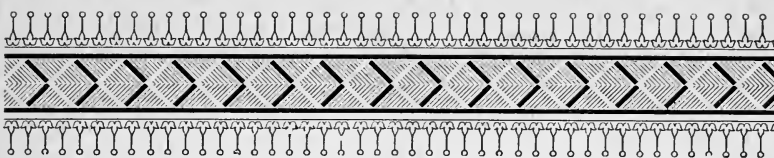
A stranger in our Crescent City, nevertheless honored, his remains were followed to one of her cemeteries by a large concourse of her notably sympathizing citizens.

*"Sleep dearest sleep, I love you as a brother,
Kind friends around you weep
I'll kiss you for your mother."*

THE AUTHOR.







“BLUE AND GRAY,”

OR,

Two Oaths and Three Warnings.

CHAPTER I.

When cruel war swept o'er the land,
Carnage was rife on every side,
Death, destructive with broad hand
Opened dark graves portals wide,
And there infolds friend as foe
In long last sleep on beds of clay,
Leaving behind hearts full of woe
That feel the pang for endless day.

“GREAT Heavens! What have I done? How careless!
How thoughtless! Can she be dead? No, thank
God she is not—she seems to be recovering. Who
can she be? I'm sure, I never saw this lovely face before.”

These with numerous like exclamations and interrogations were uttered in a vehement manner and in rapid succession by a tall handsome noble-browed young man attired in a seedy looking, shabby gray uniform, as he fairly leaped upon the bank, bent over quickly and tenderly raised the head of a fair young woman, who lay limp and apparently lifeless, on the grassy mound or levee embankment, on which she had been so suddenly thrown.

The first, and most natural inquiry is, Who is this woman? What business had she alone on so lonely a path, to be subjected to such misfortune or found in so critical a condition.

Allow me the *sensational* novel writer's privilege, kind reader, of tampering with your curiosity; as it is utterly impossible to continue without a retrospective glance through the vista of other scenes into that memorable and never to be forgotten *past*.

We are impartial to that word *backward*, yet for all that, *backward* we shall wander, perhaps but a limited space, but irregularly on the by-path of the subject of the previously mentioned cruel fate.

'Tis the middle afternoon of a glorious day in Spring. All nature seems bathing in gorgeous sunbeams—green fields tinged with gold; green trees, green shrubs, variegated flowery dotting green meadows; yet a golden hue, tinges the cheek of the lovely landscape on every side, while the southern songsters vie with each other in imitating every sound; peal after peal of merry twittering voices ascending and descending the scales—a shrill soprano, a shriller tenor, then a sudden hush, as if catching higher inspiration from the lively breeze that frolics through groves and woody retreats, on this bright and lovely day.

Yet there are clouds in the distant horizon; there is deep gloom around. Death—restless—slumbers not, but stalks around; bearing fresh victims, old and young, sad and gay—often bloody corpses to hastily dug graves.

Alarming sounds are heard in the distance. Do you not hear? List! There, startlingly reverberating in the distance is the rattle of musketry, while faintly on the quivering breeze, are trembling echoes of fifes and drums; then the booming roar of cannon.

Start not at those angry thundering tones, it is only the artillery belching forth its spite and fierce rage, with destructive wrath.

What is the meaning of this uproar? Why, only the Yankees firing from their batteries, and chasing the daring rebel scouts.

Yes, kind reader, the scene of a portion of my simple story lies near the lines—almost touching the pickets between the contending armies in Southern Louisiana; near enough to the 'Federals' to be continually harassed and annoyed, yet not sufficiently near to be protected.

"Don't be alarmed," the scouts cry out as they go backward and forward. "Don't be frightened, there is no danger," say the careless riders. "There is no danger—who cares for those bellowing old war-gods."

"My God, Willie is shot!" Poor boy, he would go too *near*, and now, brave youth-daring soul, your fond, proud mother can but seek your stiffened body. A Northern born, he died assisting a handful of Southern braves in defending their firesides, while against them were men of almost every nation, fighting for what? Conquest? No, not alone, but for money, imagined wrongs and the word UNION.

Poor Willie! Rich Willie! we honor and revere thy memory, and have wreathed a chaplet of forget-me-nots around thy shrine, and ever plead God's blessing on thy young and noble soul. Peace to his sacred ashes, which a fond mother had removed from the soil on which he died to a far off Northern cemetery, and there buried among relatives who had preceded him to the "other shore."

These memorable heart-rending scenes, of which many are narrated, were of themselves sufficient evidence of the bravery and daring spirit who were striving for the maintenance of the sublime principle and theory of our forefathers, viz: State and Self Government, and though we were not entirely successful, our efforts proved that the South had many friends and held those principles dear to its heart, and for which they nobly contended.

But *now*, no more do our brave boys, or our noblemen gird themselves for the battle field to conquer or die; Ah! thousands did die, and preferred death—the fate of a brave soldier—rather than see their liberties trampled in the dust, by their once brothers but now bitter enemies; who fed by misrepresentation and led by misconstruction, had forgotten, and indeed oftentimes heeded not actual ties of blood.

We have wandered too far on the rugged path of the *past*; for 'tis not a history of our noble and chivalrous dead of whom we would write; yet, space and time could *never* give room sufficient to write their eulogies, and if all languages on the terrestrial globe were combined in one vast utterance no words but those of praise—praise of noble deeds and patriotic sacrifices could ever inspire their thoughts and words. If we had the intellect of every born poet, we could never rhyme enough of their heroic deeds, or had we the gifts and power of all the great minds, ancient, as well as modern, our pen then would fall far short of doing justice to those who sacrificed their noble blood, and lost fortunes in defense of country.

Peace to those who have gone; may prosperity with happiness again garland the homes of those who are left—those who shield the weak, and battle still, but in a peaceful manner, for their country's HONOR, and to guard their own hearthstones as well and carefully as those of their lost or wounded comrades, who shared the same hardships and privations.

Let there be no more waring with brother; war with its cruel face, its devastating tread is but fit companion to imagined scene of "lower regions."

Let white robed PEACE, angel of mercy—omen of prosperity—spread her pure and lovely mantle o'er our sacred land,—sacred from memories of gallant deeds enacted by the "Blue and Gray" from the sprinkled blood, now washed by tiny rivulets into the current of many even far off streams.

The tramp of their steady foot-steps is heard no more; yet their spirits still linger around in every field and meadow, glade or hollow, and in every household seated in vacant chairs, in empty space and in every truly Southern heart.

As I write these lines—two little wrens, *browny* and *browny* have perched themselves inside of the closed lattice blinds, and occasionally peck and flutter against the window panes as if seeking ingress.

They somehow remind me, and forcibly, of poor Louisiana and her sister South Carolina—poor little birds! They are peaceful creatures shivering outside in the cold, yet striving

with their humble might to clear the way and get inside—flapping and beating their wings in the vain endeavor. I will open the window and say: Come in little birds, you have been compelled to tarry already too long in the cold, come inside it is your *right*, even spread your wings and soar to the ceiling if you choose—come in little ones.

But to return to my story, for I have wandered too far on a track which is now guarded by able hands.

We shall for the present simply call our heroine Jenny June and our hero of the "shabby gray," Harold Clinton.

On the day Harold met his fate—Jenny June, having some particularly important business in hand, started in person and entirely alone on her pet pony "Sable" (so-called from his silky and jetty coat), to the camp of the officer in command of the Confederate forces, or rather the outside pickets or scouting party, as they were called.

Jenny was neither nervous or timid, yet shrank from observation—still generally sprightly and gay; but to-day as she rode along, she seemed brooding o'er her troubles, while a mist seemed gathered around the present;—so when riding along at an easy lope, forgetting all around in deep absorbing thought, whether firmly seated or not, careless and indifferent to the path taken by her pony, she was carried along a grassy unfrequented by-path, then upon the levee embankment, until all of a sudden her horse shied, gave a bound and his mistress lay an unconscious heap upon the lap of old mother earth.

This all occurred so suddenly that the young soldier—the *innocent cause* of the sad accident was so surprised, he was for some seconds unable to render proper assistance to the lady or apply immediately suitable restoratives—even if he had possessed them. Having a canteen filled with pure fresh water, he finally bathed her temples,—sprinkled her face,—rubbed her hands,—felt her pulse and whispered "how beautiful!" and was at last rewarded with a sign of returning animation. A slight quivering of the eye-lids and lips, then opened a pair of large dark eyes, staring around.

"Do you suffer, and are you much hurt lady? Feel you any pain."

"Where am I? Oh!" she exclaimed as she raised and drew herself up haughtily—seeming to remember all that had transpired and connecting him with her present trouble.

"Where is Sable?—my horse I mean," and rising quickly to her feet, she moved toward the little animal who stood perfectly quiet a little distance looking slyly on, as if, fully cognizant of the solemn fact, that it was his duty now that he had occasioned so much mischief, to remain as guard or silent spectator and witness the eventful termination of the sad affair.

He in the shabby gray felt some compunction of conscience as to being the cause of the accident; nevertheless, deeply wounded at the lady's haughty manner, still he advanced toward, and again addressed her, yet not so humbly as before, but with a haughtiness equal to her own.

"Am sorry madam, that I was the innocent cause of this sad accident; therefore, though you may loath to receive them, would offer my services or assistance, merely to atone for my carelessness, if possible. Are you *quite* sure that you are not injured, lady?"

"I feel but a slight inconvenience, sir; and would be glad if you would remain where you are, or get out of the way, as my horse does not seem to like the sight of you."

"Certainly, madam! Having caused you already so much trouble, I will absurdly save you further by a speedy departure," and at conclusion of said remark, he bowed, turned aside and started down the embankment.

She gazed at his retreating form, noted his fine figure, his proud, even haughty bearing; at first a feeling of curiosity, then one of pity rippled gently, softly along the surface of her true womanly nature, and with it flashed the thought of her own dependent situation.

"Come back sir! Pray come back!" she called, "I see that you are one of 'our boys' as we call them; so must beg your pardon and accept thankfully your offered assistance, for how am I to again seat myself on that saucy beast. Please stand aside until I get him, and then will be glad if you will assist me to mount."

"Let me catch him lady, most animals are fond of me and horses are my especial pets." He started in pursuit of the animal, calling him in persuasive tones, gathered a bunch of grass and held it toward him, until he came within reaching distance of the bridle, now hanging and dangling around his hoofs, and broken. He patted him, and found him docile enough; mended the bridle, and then led him toward his mistress, who had seated herself on the grass and was arranging her fallen hair. What a magnificent suit of hair, thought the young man; ah, what a beautiful woman anyway? Who can she be! were his silent interrogation.

She arose, leaned against the animal caressingly, called him "little rascal," then said authoritatively, but gently, to Harold, "Now help me to mount."

"Say that you forgive me lady, and that you are not at all hurt," said he, before obeying her command.

"What were you doing, that you could neither see nor hear, for I presume it must have been you who frightened my pony; he never shied in like manner before;" said she in answer.

"Only reading, madam: I have been an invalid—indeed quite sick, and have been staying in that house over yonder ridge, so came out for a stroll, to assist in gaining my strength, on this lovely day; I was reclining down there on that grassy carpet, and as you came up, unexpectedly, I sprang up, thinking it might be an enemy or a spy, in so doing, must have given your little pet quite a fright. I think you have forgiven me, by the expression in your face—so now let me assist you to mount."

She turned away her face from his devouring gaze, as her cheeks diffused with blushes, but she gave him her hand and gracefully lifted herself again in the saddle, with his assistance.

How his heart beat! How he continued to feel the imprint of that tiny foot on the palm of his hand; yet it had barely touched it, and but for a moment as she leaped into the saddle.

"I see that you belong to the artillery—what battery?"

"Valverdi battery madam: You seemed going toward our camp; can I be of any service to you."

"I believe you can, and I feel that I can *trust* you so as to save me further trouble. Please deliver, into his own hand, this package (producing it from her pocket) to Col. G."

"I will, with great pleasure; is there nothing else lady?"

"No! Well yes! What book were you reading?"

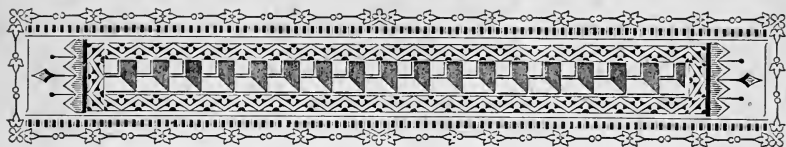
He looked surprised, but answered, 'Lucille,' Owen Merideth's 'Lucille.' Did you ever read it?"

But instead of replying she whipped up her horse and was off like a mystic vision.

I wonder if he admired that heroine, was her mental cogitation—she was a widow, I believe! I wonder what's his name? A noble looking man, even in that rusty looking suit. And he went rapidly toward camp as if endowed with wings, saying to himself:

Her little foot, I feel the pressure of it still. Who can she be?





CHAPTER II.

Poor boy! dying, yet not alone;
Friends are near to soothe thy sorrow;
And teach thee say 'Thy will be done;'
Heaven will be thy home to-morrow

SITUATED on the northern outskirts or boundaries of a picturesque little town, stood a two-story frame building, painted (at some distant period) white; but now grown dingy, looking sorely sad and worn.

Inside of the fallen fence are here and there a few stunted striving shrubs, still bent on trying to grow, each trying to raise themselves above the level of their betters, and all from the ground; but there are animals—horses of soldiers, etc., who love the pleasure of nipping in the bud their high aspirations—keeping down those poor forlorn, yet striving shrubs.

The house itself has a vacant stare; the place a desolate, starved and starving look.

Inside of the house all was perfectly quiet; yet many souls were there. The wounded, the sick, are scattered on the floor; some on mattresses, others have only beds of straw; some convalescent, others dying, with silent watches standing round. 'Tis a temporary hospital of the Confederate cause. Many days, even weeks have elapsed since the incidents related in our first chapter. A large force of federal cavalry, infantry, and light artillery swept everything before it.

No more would saucy "Sable" chance to shy, and throw a fond young mistress, for now he too, had gone a "sogering" with a Yankee on his glossy back, and though a kind hearted gentlemany officer promised to report the case and have him returned to his mistress it was months before she beheld her pet again.

The Federals, it is true, came among us as enemies and

brought with them fire and the sword, but in many instances they proved friends, against the tyranical and ill-breeding of the lower minds, and Southern hospitality was even in those times willingly extended as far as within power of the poor Reb.

The Confederates retreated; still the brave scouts kept the advanced guards of the Federals pretty busy warding surprises, masked batteries, etc., harrassing their rear, often allowing the enemy to traverse a large portion of country, and on getting themselves reinforced would rush in the rear, capturing prisoners, provisions, baggage wagons, and ammunition.

This did not exactly agree with the constitution of some of the parties, nor plan and intention of the Generals, so they shortly fell back to their old stand, behind breastworks, and under cover of their gunboats.

Then the Rebs became more daring, and with "Mosquito fleets." * The daring Valverdi, and other batteries, made a dash and gained a victory. The gunboats of the enemy having gone off to participate in—the Confeds knew not what.

And so Yankees and Rebels lay side by side in the hospitals, and the Southern women visited and administered to the comforts of both alike, not allowing enmity to intrude its presence in that only place, held sacred from the tongue of abuse, by its pitiful and mournful scenes.

'Twas the afternoon of a hot and sultry day, that two ladies passed into this temporary hospital, and as *they* did so, a horseman galloped up, dismounted and entered just behind them. All passed on to a room where lay a handsome youth of not more than seventeen summers. "He was dying,"—an old nurse said,—and it appeared so, for he gave not the slightest notice to the ladies; yet as the tall figure of the gentleman approached, a glad smile flitted across his pallid features, he held out a thin hand, and spoke in faint tones: "Ah! Hal you don't forget poor Walter, but it is too late now! Oh! poor mamma," and he reached for some flower Jenny held in her hand. Yes, poor Walter! Still almost a child, a

*Small row boat.

stranger in a strange place—his home and friends in Texas—was dying, aye died the following morning, breathing with his latest breath, the sweetest of all endearing names, Mamma. They buried him in the little graveyard, very near to Jenny's home, and to his memory placed a little marble slab at the head of his grave. Poor Walter! we cannot forget thee; thy noble young soul is at home with its God. "*Requiescat in pace.*" Two little children planted flowers on his grave.

Again those two have met. Jenny recognizes Harold even before he entered the house; and a look of pleased surprise shot instantly across his whole countenance, as he recognized her by the bedside of his dying friend.

But though the blood tingled in her cheeks at sight of his glad surprise, she returned him but a cold and distant bow.

The ladies visited other rooms, and other patients; and before they left, Harold followed in the wake of their footsteps, as though fearing to lose sight of them. At last, gathering courage, he went close to her side, and said in an undertone: "I gave the package into his own hands. Have you seen him since?"

"Thank you! I have," said she coldly.

Here the old nurse put in, asking for fresh eggs, for some poor fellow who craved them.

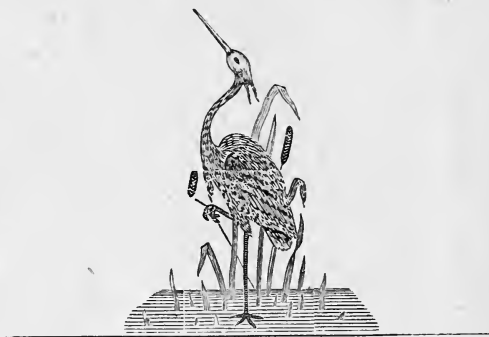
Luxuries were scarce then; even to fresh eggs, and I doubt much if half that was sent to the hospitals, were ever given to the sick soldiers; indeed, I know of some very mean and selfish, as dishonorable actions, and in one case where a lady had sent her brother a box; and it was afterward revealed that instead of the *Yankees capturing that box*, an officer *appropriated it* and made good use of the contents, and the poor private to whom it was sent, had no way of returning the compliment, or of getting refunded the articles that parties saw the officer so dishonestly appropriating. Both of these parties are living yet; and I wonder if it has never occurred to the officer, that this shameful act is well known to others.

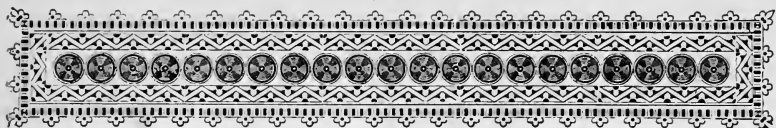
Jenny told the nurse to send "across there," pointing to a handsome residence opposite, and you can get what you require.

The ladies then retired, followed by the obsequious old nurse, insisting on their "coming again," and the handsome man in gray, who had become quite animated in conversation with the lady who accompanied Jenny, telling of "poor Walter," of his widowed mother, and Walter's bravery.

Even to-day in reviewing the many sad features of those harrowing times, none come more vividly before my mental vision than the sweet boyish face of Walter. a youth of promise, a widowed mother's pride and joy—to be so young transplanted from this blooming earth to a brighter home beyond;—for I too stood (but only for a moment) beside the dying boy.

The story of his life, was a sweet book ; but its ending sad and mournful, for in making a charge, he came in contact with a giant man of a Western corps, and received the wound from which he died.





CHAPTER III.

“’Till all too late—thou wert, thou art
The cherished madness of my heart.”—*Byron*.

SEVERAL weeks had gone by since the incidents related in our last chapter had transpired, which to Harold appeared unusually long. He had often visited the hospital, frequently and intentionally passed the house ‘over the way,’ but yet had not been fortunate enough to again meet the object of his thoughts.

Many officers are staying in town or visiting daily; plenty of fair young girls and handsome soldier boys—consequently plenty of gayety and pleasure.

A party is on the tapis; there were fish fries, horseback rides, and flirtations innumerable; moonlight walks, serenades; but now, a party is the all-absorbing thought.

Harold had been very sad; nevertheless, quite a ladies man; he attends upon them with a knightly grace; does their bidding with obliging haste, and so as he is going to town, is commissioned to invite “all the girls.” With alacrity he passes on the way, thinking this a good opportunity to intrude his presence inside of that tempting-looking cottage home, where *she* must live, thought he; his footsteps led him directly there (he has been told that a young lady lives there, companion to Mrs. B.): going quickly up the gravel walk, and approaching the house, he finds seated on the front piazza a tall, slightly-built, dark haired lady.

“That is not her” thought he, “it must be Mrs. B.” An officer is seated also, but upon the steps, and is an entire stranger to him; bowing, he hesitated, then addresses the officer.

“I have been commissioned by Miss Belle Lee, and Miss

Rose Duvanel, to invite all the young ladies to a pic-nic to-morrow, and a party to be given at their residence in the evening."

"What say you, Miss Nellie?" enquired the officer, turning to the lady, who held in her arms a beautiful little girl.

"I do not think it possible for me to go: Lilly is not well, and Jenny may need me, she has so much to do—am sorry; but will you not walk in, sir?"

"Thank you! not this morning—but the other young lady—tell her Miss Lee is very anxious for her company—perhaps she will go."

"The other young lady," repeated the officer; "there is no other young lady, only Maggie, and she is but a child as yet."

"Oh yes, there must be! I mean the young lady whom I met at the hospital: is she not here still?" Here the officer and lady exchanged looks; and he laughingly said:

"You must mean Mrs. Bancroft; certainly, *she* is still here; out in the ironing room, I believe; shall I go and call her?"

"No; thank you! I thought there was another young lady," and, stammering and blushing like an awkward schoolboy, he hastily retreated; for he could perceive that both lady and officer were much amused, and would have a good laugh at his expense.

And for days Jenny was teased about the man in "shabby gray," the "other young lady," etc., until she became heartily tired, and grew quite angry about it.

And now that our hero is aware of the fact, that the lady of his most engrossing thoughts is already a wife; and you, my readers, only know her as Jenny June—we will introduce her to you as Mrs. Bancroft—Jenny June Bancroft, at your service; and hereafter will recognize her by that name; still the name of Jenny June clings to her like something better and more appropriate.

And what of the husband? do you enquire, or is she a widow? Have patience, my dear reader, she is, at the commencement of our story what is termed a "grass widow;" but *he* is coming on the stage—the husband is coming out of

darkness into light, and will be duly exhibited in all the glory of his dazzling qualities.

A few days after the above amusing incident, and while out riding, our hero in gray found himself once more face to face with the "young lady," or, properly speaking, "Mrs. Bancroft."

"They met by chance, the usual way," so goes the old song, and indeed, in this case, it proved true.

Both bowed; both blushed; and after passing each other, shocking to relate, both sighed and looked back—their eyes met—and,—ah, well!!!

The battery had been ordered away; and she was not aware that he was still in the neighborhood.

It was rumored that he was courting a rather inferior kind of a woman below town. "She did not believe it, or would not!" and why did she sigh, turn away, and almost smother her little daughter with fond kisses?

Answer, ye wise ones! but beware of unrighteous judgment!





CHAPTER IV.

"Constant courtship may obtain her,
When both wit and merit fail."—*L. Landon.*

R, as is sometime the case, one with weak mind, or of a loving sympathetic nature, can be duped into committing that, which in after years may prove a source of unceasing regret and sorrow.

"Jenny June Rose," when but a girl of scarcely sixteen years, had been made the dupe of one of nature's failures; an extremely handsome, even popular man—a man of the world, who loved greed and gold, or wine and its concomitants—better than honor, morality or truth.

And she, an unsophisticated child, had been induced to wed this man; for she thought he loved her; and imagination pictured in her childish mind, a bright dream—love for him—a brighter future; but alas! the sequel proves that it was but a shadow, with transient sunbeams flitting across its path.

She thought that she was loved, when with persuasive tones, he told her of a mighty love, and how he would guard and shield, cherish and protect his little pet.

The girl being almost friendless, left an orphan with something of a fortune, what wonder that she, who was of an affectionate, pure and unsuspecting nature, should gently glide into the snare, so artfully laid to entrap her.

Yes; Jenny was over persuaded to become the wife of Richard Bancroft. She had a cousin, an unfeeling wretch, who, for sinister motives and purposes, assisted to "make the match," and when too late, Jenny found she had been used as an instrument to satisfy a revenge, that he, the cruel cousin, had sworn to accomplish.

Mr. Bancroft was twenty-two years older than Jenny; a

man who had glutted himself in the world's vices ; had spent his best days in fast living and its consequent consequences.

Poor Jenny ; but a child, she knew not until too late, the thorny path she had chosen ; how cruel fate had been in planting her pure young life in so close a proximity to one that was so selfish and immoral.

As years passed on, she realized the sad truth of a sham love—therefore no love at all.

Only a "forlorn hope" bore her upward, and supported her oft-time sinking spirits. But Jenny was brave, good natured, and true to a wife's duty ; her buoyant spirits picking out the bright spots on which to plant her fallen hopes, scattering the clouds with a proud and victorious hand, while *duty* and *virtue* were her watchword and guard.

Two children came to fill the void in her heart ; she tried at least to find contentment, and the six years of her married life have only added to her beauty and the full development of a fine figure, and that beauty even more felt than seen.

And what of her husband ? he was getting old and feeble, not so much from age, but a misused constitution, strong drink and a tortured conscience ; and had become so addicted to the use of opiates as to deaden all sensibilities ; and this habit had become so fixed that he would sell his soul for them, rather than do without.

He had spent almost two years away from home, filling the position best known as a hanger-on, a drunkard and gambler ; but too feeble to join in the regular army, and like some few other cowards, did all of his fighting in big talk "of how he would stand in his cane-rows and shoot down Yankees," etc.

But now he is at home, a feeble old man, a burden to his wife, a terror to the children, and a secret advocate of the Federals.

'Tis near the close of summer. First, one day the Confederates held possession, then the Federals ; again the Federals would fall back to their old lines, and the Confederate boys would come riding back, welcomed by the women and children, at any rate.

This time a hard looking set of Texan soldiers were detailed to act as scouts—or to picket the outlook, and some of them were far from being gentlemen, but they were Confederate soldiers, so we cannot pick out flaws in their conduct. They came down unexpectedly to all, for the inhabitants had concluded that they were at last to have a quiet spell; the place being so unimportant that neither claimed to hold it.

It was on a dark rainy night (new pickets had been posted at several points below town) that a horseman came jogging along with his Yankee pass, not knowing of the dreaded arrivals.

"Halt, you d—d Yankee," cried a fierce Texan. Unfortunately for the horseman he had on a pair of blue pants, and the Texans could not be persuaded that he was not a Yankee spy, and declared they would hang him or shoot him on the spot.

"No quarter to the old rascal," they almost shouted.

He declared himself a "Confederate;" gave his name, place of residence or abode; still without effect.

They rifled his pockets, came across his pass, found a couple of bottles of "Hostetter" and two ounce vials of morphine, but only a dollar in greenbacks, while his pocket seemed to be well filled with that almost useless paper, Confederate bonds or bills.

They immediately knocked off the head of one of "Hostetter's black doctors," and it soon felt its own emptiness, while they began to feel its fulness in their craniums or somewhere in that direction. They insisted more vehemently than ever that he was nothing but a d—d spy.

They tapped the other "Hostetter" and were now getting beyond self-control.

"Stand out old chap! and shut your eyes; you are a goner, old boy."

"No! let's hang him," and as the poor trembling inebriate heard the click of their guns, and watched their apparently murderous intentions, he cried aloud, as great beads of cold sweat rolled down his weakening frame: "Help! Murder!

Murder!" and piteously—"don't shoot, for God's sake don't shoot!" and as if in answer to his call, a horseman galloped in sight: "What means this outcry that I hear? Down with your guns, boys! What means it all? What were you about to do? Murder a man in cold blood?"

"Why! its Hal; what in thunder are you doing here? Not out for a cut and run, eh? d—d if we had'nt better arrest you!"

"You'd better try it! come on you mighty braves!" said Harold, warmly and mockingly, as he placed his hand to his side, drew his revolver, and showed a gleaming knife in his belt.

The men recoiled, and he continued: "I was doing a little scouting, independently, that is, on my own hook; and your Captain gave orders that I was to ride over to this point and to see what all of you were about, and 'tis well I came just as I did; aye, just in the nick of time."

"All right Hal! all right old boy!"

"But who is this person, boys?"

"Capt'n," replied Mr. Bancroft, "I am on my way home, from the Federal lines it is true, having gone there only yesterday for medicine; and was on my return when these men pounced upon me, and intended to murder me: Please save me Captain!" exclaimed the trembling coward.

"Boys, it is my duty to report you at headquarters; you should be more careful, and must, in future—you might have committed a grave error: Let your prisoner come with me, I will see that all is right, if not, the proper place for him is at camp."

"All right Hal! you are a trump, anyway; but you must have a sweetheart down in these parts, for you love to get in nabbing distance of the blue b—— better than we do"

"Never mind me; but do your duty, men—but don't make any more mistakes. Give me the property that you eased the gentleman of—for you helped yourselves, I know."

Forthwith the articles before mentioned—minus the two Hostetters—were produced and placed in his hands. He gave to Mr. Bancroft the dollar greenback and the pocket-book;

but said "he would see about the other," placing the morphine in his own pocket.

"Don't report us, sir! I know you can manage all the boys, and the old bars, too," alluding to the officers, "we often wonder how you do it."

"Ah well, boys! I have a little secret of my own. Come sir! I will return with you and guide you safely by the other pickets; let us move on, for time is flying, and I may be needed."

Mr. Bancroft having been assisted to his seat again, on the back of his horse, they now rode away together; he thanking Harold and calling him his preserver, etc. "I should have been dead by this time, had you not so opportunely come along sir."

"I guess not; the boys were a little rough, but I hardly imagine they would have dared to carry things so far; they were only joking; still, some of those border Texas men are not over refined, in fact some of them are pretty hard customers, and would'nt give a Yankee much show. Did I understand you to say that your name was Bancroft, sir?" "That is my name Capt'n, and I reside in the little town just ahead of us; you must stop with me to-night, and continue my guest while in these parts."

"I shall gratefully accept shelter until morning, as the rain seems increasing, but must move on early to camp, as I am detailed to take a batch of prisoners down to exchange, to-morrow, if possible, and shall go down with the party in the morning."

"You must be an officer of some distinction, I presume."

"No, only a private, but something of a privileged character."

"But what is the matter, sir?"

"Oh! I feel dreadfully sick, and as though I would faint."

"What can I do for you, sir? shall we stop at the next house? or call for a glass of water!"

"No, no! let's go on home, but I feel very sick."

"Keep up a bold heart sir, we will soon be there."

These two characters, so opposite, rode side by side for

some distance but in silence, Harold assisting his companion in the guidance of his horse; finally the exhausted, half inebriated man was halted in front of his own door, and almost fell head-foremost from his horse into the arms of his preserver. In another moment Harold and Jenny June, that "other young lady" *stood face to face.*





CHAPTER V.

Go for the doctor, my husband is sick!
Please sir to hurry, and bring him back quick;
Yes, please to hurry, for I am in dread,
Before you return, that he will be dead.

WHEN Mr. Bancroft, more dead than alive, arrived in front of his own door, he did not wait to announce himself or his companion, but led the way to a large front room from which a bright light came gleaming o'er the dripping vines and shrubs that threw their protecting arms around the dwelling—a secluded little nest of Doric architecture—a fancy, pretty, cosy little residence, surrounded by, and secluded with many varieties of trees and flowers, among which and most prominent, were the dwarf magnolia with its queenly blossoms; while the orange stood in the rear guarding the lesser beauties that embellish a rich man's Southern home.

The gleaming light threw an air of cheerfulness all around, although the rain was now descending in torrents, as if in mighty wrath at losing its victims. He dragged his companion forward; or, rather his companion supported him; leaving the tired beasts to seek shelter as best they could.

Harold would have remonstrated, and was loath to enter the house so precipitately, a stranger and in such a plight, but what could he do? The man was now almost an helpless burden in his arms.

The wife was still up waiting and watching for the husband whom she dreaded; but when he entered, almost borne in the arms of Harold, she started forward, then stood transfixed—as if petrified; then a look of great astonishment and consternation gave way to one of sudden recognition, and the deadly paleness that had o'erspread her cheek receded, and left it blushing like a pink rose.

Beware, Jenny! be on your guard, little woman: your life may have been touched with a blighting hand, yet no gossiping slanderers, with their aspic tongues or stings, have ever dared to touch your own good name;—that which is "far better than riches"—far better to die a victim of betrayed confidence, live a life of hopeless joys—despairing: than despaired of.

Few eyes of bold men have ever caught your gaze; many have wondered why you live so secluded; and what you were like, if young and pretty, or, old and homely; few knew you intimately—a real secluded home body, yet none knew you but to love you.

And so Harold had seen many other ladies in the neighborhood, but never Jenny June, until the accident related in our opening chapter; then she was the bearer of a package that had been placed in her hands by one who had eluded the vigilance of all, and ran the blockade; and she had intended to deliver it in person to Colonel ———, she supposing it contained important documents.

And they *were* important documents: serving in several and never to be forgotten incidents and occurrences in the lives of many; some gone through the land of shade and shadow to a far off home; some still battling for their rights, and nobly defending their country's honor and cause; while others—well, shame for them; and an inward scorn forbids me to speak; but the word "renegade" will speak for itself and them.

And these same documents had been the silent cause of their first meeting, and in the deep recesses of a heart torn by conflicting emotions—yet truthful—a mirror reflected the features of him whom she would blush to mention; and he, too, often sighed and whispered: "I feel the pressure of that little foot, not only on my hand, but deeply in my heart;" and, in spite of all reasoning and his better judgment, his fate or his folly—best known as his feelings, still led him to seek on every conceivable occasion possible, and on any slight pretext, that part of the country.

And at last they have met under the same roof, coming in

constant contact, attending a sick person, and that person—her husband!

Mr. Bancroft had no sooner entered the room, than he said gaspingly to his wife: "This young man saved my life and I—am—dying" and fell forward, but Harold caught him and placed him on a lounge; when it was at once perceived that he was in a fit or something of the kind.

"Some hot water and mustard, quick!" Mrs. Bancroft clasped her hands as if in agony, and said: "We have no mustard, will salt do?"

"Yes, madam, something must be done quickly—I have a pocket lancet, bring bandages—for I shall bleed him."

Fortunately, already boiling, was a teakettle of water. She returned to the room with it, bringing also bandages, besides the salt. Accompanying her was a young girl, some thirteen years old, a niece of Mr. Bancroft, carrying a foot-tub, etc.

"Stay, Maggie, and assist us with your uncle," said the lady.

"Where does your physician reside, madam? You had better dispatch some one for him."

"There is not a living soul on the place but ourselves and the children; if it were daylight Charley might go, but he is entirely too young to be trusted alone at night—Can't you go, Margaret?"

"Oh, no; no Aunt! I'm too much afraid, and it's raining, too!"

"Certainly not, madam! I will go; he seems to be reviving and likely to soon be better. Did your husband ever have one of these spells before?"

"Something similar, but not so severe; his general health is far from good."

"If you will tell me where your physician resides, I will go at once and summon him, for I have exhausted my little stock of knowledge; or rather, I have not the medicine needed."

"Oh, please don't go, sir!" cried Margaret in alarm; I'm afraid he'll die or get up and kill us all."

"Hush, Mag!" the proud woman said; and she whispered

—"You should be ashamed to speak so of your uncle, and especially before a stranger."

"But Jenny, you know he gets mighty crazy sometimes. Oh, please don't go, sir!"

"Leave the room, Mag! go and see to Lillian, I hear her fretting. I'll be there in a moment—take the kettle with you, and place it back upon the fire."

The girl gave Harold a pleading look, but did as her aunt bade her.

Those two, with strange conflicting feelings were again alone, save the presence of the unconscious man. Their eyes met and fell. Harold brave in battle—fearing no man, fearing no danger—now became weak. Giving way to an impulse that seized him, he grasped her hands—there, in the very presence of her husband, and said pityingly, consolingly, but in low tones: "You need a friend, let me be that friend. I know your secret sorrow and can imagine your troubles." Putting his hand into one of his pockets and producing the two vials of morphine, he handed them to her and said: "Here is what your husband risked his life to procure, even going into the Federal lines to obtain it; some of our men had arrested and threatened to shoot him, when I happened on the spot. Now give me the directions and I will go."

Jenny bent forward as she almost fainted on the body of her husband—who now began to move and talk in an incoherent manner. Once again, as months before, Harold raised that head, now bent low, yet still so regally crowned with woman's chief glory.

Lifting her head gently, he looked into her face and said: "Will you give up now? You doubtless suffer, but *he now* needs your care—be strong! for you cannot put aside the 'Hand' that marks out our pathways, now tell me quick, for there is no time to be lost."

She falteringly gave him the direction, and he departed on his errand of mercy; not waiting to catch his horse, but plowed through mud and mire, thinking not of self, but of the pale lone watcher left behind in the sick room.

Doctor Grumble came in fuming and puffing—out of temper at being called out on such a night and to "Dick, who is always sick," etc.; but when he beheld the condition of his patient, he ceased and spoke in soft and pitying tones to Jenny.

"Ah child! he has them again! poor pus! how are the little kittens?" trying to divert her mind from its present trouble—she answered:

"They are well, thank you; but what must I do doctor!"

"Do? do? why, let me see!" examining his patient, "why, go in quick sticks and bring a strong cup of hot coffee to that dripping young fellow; he looks pretty blue, too; and if you don't mind sirrah, you will 'be struck down with a chill."

"Never mind me, doctor, I'm strong enough, and don't wish to give Mrs. Bancroft any more trouble than she has at present—perhaps I had better go on to camp."

"We cannot spare you yet my good fellow," said the doctor.

"Not to-night, Mr. Clinton," and her pleading look expressed more than her words.

She left the room; the doctor muttered "poor girl! poor girl!" he again felt the pulse of his patient; opened his medicine case; mixed a powder, and with Harold's assistance, poured it down the sick man's throat.

"We must get him to bed, and if what he has just taken produces no effect in a short time, we shall have to use chloroform."

He then inquired of Harold all the particulars of the attack, and again exclaimed "poor girl! poor girl!"

Jenny soon returned bearing on a waiter two cups of steaming coffee. "Thank you Jenny, your coffee would cure a chill every time—no humbug about this coffee—no burnt sugar or parched corn about that coffee, young man, but the genuine stuff; what a pity Dick can't get down a cup of it, for it would be one of the best medicines he could take, but the next best thing is to get him to bed; and you young man to get on dry clothes, or dry those you have on."

"The doctor and Harold supported Mr. Bancroft to the next room and placed him in bed—previously removing his outer garments;—he now began to rave like a madman; his ravings awoke two little curly pated children—one, a handsome boy of about five years; the other, a delicate lovely girl about two, who was being soothed to rest, rocked in the arms of Maggie. Both children apparently attracted toward our hero, as he stood in front of a bright blazing fire, on which a few pieces of light kindling wood had been placed, so that he might dry his damp clothes.

While standing in front of the fire, the old doctor took a keen survey of Harold and then said :

"If I am not mistaken, I have met you before, but some months since; was'nt you the young fellow that was taken sick near old Madame Doesticks and stayed there awhile?"

"Yes sir! riding in the sun one day, I was taken with a kind of sunstroke, and those people were very kind to me."

"Yes, yes, I know; but don't go there any more, young man."

"Why, sir?" but Jenny coming in, interrupted the conversation.

The night with its dark and dismal hues, winged slowly on its way; morning fresh and new came in weeping, but soon old "Sol" shone forth, in welcoming another day, scattering the clouds and adorning all around in the light that shone from his own bright eyes, and warming all that was cold from his own big heart.





CHAPTER VI.

Fire! Fire! is loudly heard,
Help! Fire! repeat more shrill,
Fire! Help! the echo'd word
O'er valley, rock and hill.

HAROLD had gone; neighbors came in to assist in nursing, and to restrain the violent actions of the deranged and sick man; and days passed over that household ere they found rest or relief from his convalescence:—but let us follow Harold.

Upon his arrival at camp, he was summoned to report to his commanding officer; he explained as best he could, his unexpected absence, without exposing the conduct of the outside picket guard, and was seriously reprimanded for his apparent neglect of duty. Said the officer: “Your case must be reported at headquarters;” but the news brought in by the scouts was of so engrossing a nature, that it scattered all other thoughts and business from said officer’s mind.

Harold found chances to call several times, but found Mr. Bancroft not much improved.

The prisoners had all been exchanged, and the scouts brought in word that the Yankees were again advancing in great force.

All was once more commotion; scouts riding backward and forward; signal flags waving; women and children bare-headed, the latter barefooted, running hither and thither—hunting and gathering the little now left them—cows, pigs, and chickens.

“Never mind your spoons,” shouts back a reckless rider; “they say old *Banks* don’t fight for spoons.” “Oh!” said a grim looking Texan, “he is after stealing into the old ‘Lone Star’ this pop, but I reckon he’ll crawl over dead bodies a plenty afore he gets thar.”—“Hide your chickens,

there will surely be straggling preachers in the rear of those blue birds."—"Don't be afraid."—and such like; with "Good bye, God bless you," etc., were the admonitions, exclamations and farewell speeches of the Confederates as they strode along.

What cared the brave Southern women then? now, they may tremble and can be nervous, but then—well we didn't meet any but who were truly brave—bearing privations, and over-riding difficulties with a firmness and fortitude equaling that of the men, and they can well compare with those of ancient times—the brave Spartan mothers. The next cry is "a gunboat!"—"a gunboat!" it is close by; the Yankees say "they are going to shell and burn the town;"—the scouts flash by—a shell whistles through the air and bursts beyond the town—boom! boom!—a ball passes through a house and an armour right over the heads of a lady and her child, and splinters scatter all around, and it finally lodges in a tall oak that is standing in rear of the dwelling.

Boom! boom! hear the roar; they are firing at the scouts. "Look out! hear them! here they come, pop! pop! pop! pop! and the Federals came dashing in sight—whooping and screeching like savages.

"Ah! another poor fellow is shot!"

"Look out for the sharpshooters! there they go, the d—d rebels."

This time it was a young Federal officer, while leading the advance column of Federals, that were craving the blood of those of their countrymen; like wild beasts seeking to destroy each other.

He is a son of the grand old State of New York. He is carried into the nearest house, where already lies a poor sick man—the home of true Jenny June. He, too, is laid on the lounge, and again is the old doctor summoned. The man is left in the doctor's care with a detailed nurse, while the army passes on.

Some weeks go by; several battles are fought, and then that grand army retreats—dividing as they retire, and eventually returned to the "even tenor of their way."

Mr. Bancroft is somewhat better, but still sick; the rebs

come back, and the wounded Federal was a prisoner. He was young and handsome; so of course, the young ladies sympathized with him, and he was kindly nursed by all. He had been very low, but was beginning to recover. It had been dangerous to remove him then, so said the doctor, so when the rebel boys returned some of them came to see him, among them Harold, who was the first to do him a friendly turn; for as yet, he was not able to leave his bed.

Again it was a dark, but quiet serene night; at sunset, however, heat-lightening would span the firmament with its brilliant flashes—lightening all around; and while Harold and Jenny stood alone, gazing at its quivering and wavering motions, he told her that he was ordered to report at headquarters; and that he would leave on the morrow; he only asked to be remembered, and begged a tiny flower she had pinned on her bosom.

And now it was night—late was the hour—but no sleep had come to soothe her throbbing brow, no quiet to the tumultuous heaving of her beating heart.

Listen to her words: "I cannot! I will not stand it! Have not stronger wills than mine given way under far less pressure than I suffer? I must! I will find a soothing balm in some direction."

She thinks of the drops given her husband, to quiet and bring repose. No sooner the thought intrudes into her maddening brain, than it is acted upon; and taking the vial—"Battley's Sedative"—"only a few drops," she said, pours out a few drops and swallows them; finding them bitter to the taste, she goes to the table, takes up a goblet of water, and while placing it to her lips, catches sight of her pale, woe-begone face in the mirror that hung on the wall, her hand shakes—the goblet falls to the floor and is broken in pieces, she shivers and almost screams, while a feeling of horror and dread sweeps o'er her trembling frame.

"An ill omen," said she, "something is going to happen," and with a shudder she lay down, drawing both children toward her as if fearful the impending doom was about to fall on their innocent heads.

Sleep soon overtook her, aye she slept—slept! heeding not the strange sound that came crackling and roaring from an adjoining room used as a laundry; she sleeps, sleeps soundly!

The prisoner or wounded Federal is awakened by the unusual sound, and calls loudly time and again: "Mrs. Bancroft! oh, Mrs. Bancroft! Miss Margaret—Margaret! they all must have taken sleeping potions or are deaf. FIRE! FIRE! Oh, Heavens! FIRE! FIRE!" now yelled the poor wounded fellow;—he saw the blaze as it came with its tongue of flame toward and on the house; he crawled to the head of the stairs and again madly shouted:—"FIRE!! FIRE!! Great God, they must all be dead!"

All but Jenny were now awake, and Harold was just in time. Returning at the dawn of day to take one last look, and while on his way, he beheld the blaze as it burst forth, and as he neared the house crying FIRE! FIRE! he heard inside the wounded man's agonizing cries, and he too sent forth louder than ever that dreaded cry—fire—as he rushed toward the house, and burst through a window.

The children were screaming—still she slept on; the sick husband called, but she slept on; men rushed in and tried to quench the still advancing flames, yet withal she sleeps. "It's of no use, the house must go; save the sick men!" is rung out in loud tones—still she sleeps.

Harold on his first entering the house, rushed up the stairs and brought down Manly, the wounded Federal officer, and he now followed Margaret into her uncle's room, telling her to go in and assist her aunt with the children; but other hands are moving the sick man, mattress and all.

Margaret does not come; the children are calling out "Mamma! mamma!" Propriety is now thrown aside with a ruthless hand, and he enters her chamber to find Margaret wringing her hands, calling in vain: "Aunt! Aunt! Jenny! Jenny! wake up! wake up!" and the two little ones affrighted—crouched beside their mother who still slept.

"My God! is she dead? Jenny, Jenny!" he felt her pulse, and then the truth flashed across his troubled, whirling brain.

"Take the children out, Maggie! go Charley and Lillie pet, I will bring your mamma, she will awake as soon as she feels the fresh air."

They started and were gone; and although greatly agitated he had presence of mind sufficient to wrap her form in a spread that lay across the bed; then he carefully raised her in his arms, and followed the children. He carried her across the yard, and laid her now struggling form upon a heap of bedding which the neighbors and the soldiers had taken from the burning building.

What a terrible awakening! "My children," said she dreamily.

"They are safe; all is saved but the house; you are now homeless, Jenny."

"Oh Harold, I know it! I know it! the broken glass; it is a punishment for my sin."

"No, Jenny, don't be superstitious: what have you been taking?"

"Only some of those drops. I was so tired; but where are the children!"

They heard her and came; and all three, her two children and Maggie, knelt and caressed her fondly.

Harold placed blankets around them all.

"Would you not like to go to your husband? he has been taken to a neighbor's?"

She answered "No! I want to sleep."

He advised her to keep awake, and strove by conversing with her to divert her thoughts, and to arouse her from her lethargy, and finally succeeded in his object.

Morning dawned and showed where had stood the cosiest residence for miles around—nothing left but a ruin—a heap of ashes, brick and debris—a complete wreck.

Ladies came, bringing clothes, eatables and hot coffee; doors were thrown open, and sympathizing hearts rendered all the assistance in their power. Harold held a secret conference with the wounded Federal, and again bid all adieu: a good soldier, and although privileged in many ways, could not disobey orders from headquarters or forget the country's need.



CHAPTER VII.

“What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame
And leaves the wretch to weep.”—*Goldsmith*.

LET us follow in the footsteps of Harold. He starts on his way with a sad misgiving, travelled roads, by-paths, lonely lanes hedged in by the green and thorny Cherokee—through the woods with their tangled briars and spear-pointed palmettos—across prairies, stretching for miles around, barren of trees or shrubs, with but an occasional sign of life or civilization to dispel the mournful loneliness of his lonely way.

Finding a stream of water, our gallant rider paused upon its brink, and taking advantage of a small cluster of willows by its side, he halts, and while he raises his cap from a noble brow and brushes with one sweep of his well-shaped hand the dark-brown curls aside, let us creep up near him and take a peep into his most inmost thoughts, and like a wicked eaves-dropper, listen to his soliloquy:

“How beautiful! all nature seems to be reposing: how generous are the gifts bestowed on ungrateful man, and he is never satisfied; ever-craving for something more, as if an All-wise Providence did not know our wants and needs. Why, see those little birds darting across and around my path, does He not say—“Even a sparrow shall not fall to the ground?” Well, well! I am fatigued, nearly worn out, so come what will, I shall take advantage of that poor shanty, if at all habitable, that I see over yon distant ridge, and rest myself.

“I wonder when this cruel war will cease? it is a downright cruelty; poor humanity! selfish, egotistical beings! It is rumored that Gen. Kirby Smith is preparing to cross the

river; it is all nonsense; and what good would it do? His army would be cut off and be completely demoralized. I see by mother's last letter that the middle and working classes, in fact the people of England are in favor of recognizing the Confederacy. I wish to goodness Lord Palmerston and the Parliaments at home would only look at things in their proper light, and then, perhaps, there would be a chance of recognition. Poor little Confederacy! you and Jenny remind me of each other. Another rumor I have heard, is, that we are to be sent to Arkansas. Well, one thing is certain, I will go neither way, but shall speak my mind pretty freely to Col.—, he certainly hasn't forgotten our contract. I wish to be transferred, and will join Louisiana's brave scouts, or will retire from the fray. Poor mother! how she warned me; but I cannot resist feeling sympathy for the SOUTHERN CAUSE, and will still lend them my little aid; for my heart is fairly and forever bound by the ties of friendship, that cannot, that shall not be broken.

"Ha! ha! ha! friendship indeed! why should I try to deceive myself, or deny the truth, or the true state of my feelings? How strange! passing strange that I should have ventured across oceans, trav'led from land to land, and never before captured by the enthralling beauties of love; yet at last to meet my fate, and here! yes, the object of my boyish dreams in the lovely form of another man's wife. Rich! pretty rich! isn't it—eh Harold!

"And yet cruel fate and I would soothe my conscience, by that misplaced, much abused word, Friendship. No use Harold, boy! no use to try and deceive yourself. Ah well! 'It's a long lane that has no turning.' I shall go back very soon or die in the fruitless attempt; go back and watch over her like a brother;" and again he laughed, "oh yes, I'll be her brother! she needs one, God knows! there will be no harm in that—harm? Who said there was? Woe betide any man that breathes aught but praise of that hallowed name. But what possessed her to take those drops the night of the fire? My God!"—as a sudden terrible thought crossed his brain—"No! no! that cannot be; she does not look like

one that is accustomed to their use, she has too much strength of mind to be guilty of that; ah! now a thought strikes me, yes Jenny, Jenny—dear little woman! I suspect your secret, and know almost your secret thoughts; but they are sacred, locked inside the deepest recesses of my heart;—poor tired, sorely tried little woman! Never mind, time works wonders. I must go back and will be to you a brother, ha! ha! ha! so hurry up, old boy! hurry up!

Here he spurred up his horse—his only travelling companion—a splendid English bred animal, a rare beauty beside the poorly fed "creole ponies" and Mexican mustangs which most of the soldiers were now compelled to ride, as all the best stock and finest animals were fast wearing out, many having been appropriated by the advancing armies, and having but few opportunities to reinforce themselves in any shape or manner.

Arriving in front of the shelter before mentioned, a rude looking hut, or cabin as we call them down South, well plastered with mud or a kind of red clay, our hero dismounted and called loudly before attempting to enter what was only a pretence of a gate—merely a large *pannel* of fence or *bars*."

He repeated the call, and as he did so a coarse looking woman, dressed in faded homespun, came to the door, and at the same time, as if just cognizant of his presence, a couple of ferocious looking hounds came bounding toward him, while some half dozen curs—real starvellings, joined in chorus with most unearthly yells and discordant sounds.

Finally the old woman, who being slightly deaf could not hear well, drew from her shoulders an old yellow cotton handkerchief, speckled and torn; and with an angry motion threw it over her head for it was mid-day, and the sun was pouring down his hot and burning rays. She called the dogs in with her sharpest tones and bade them "shut up their unearthly squeals," and on getting near the 'bars' inquired of Harold, in no gentle tone, what he wanted.

"To stop and rest awhile, madam, and something to eat—a slice of bread and a glass of milk, if you have it, for which I am willing to pay in gold."

"Gold," said she—as a pair of greedy twinkling gray eyes taking in at one sweep his whole form,— "You're fooling man; you haint got no gold, and I guess you belongs to them ar robbers or gorills wot killed and done murdered Sam Pike, and tuck um cattle off, and acted so bad towards his gals that" —

"Stop, stop, good woman!" I am no robber or guerilla, simply a harmless Confederate soldier; have you no man around to protect you madam."

"Thar yo be! Now yo wants to find oos to hum, an all bout us, duz yez? I'll fotch Tom and Jim. No men's? yo'd best be gitting. Why there's my ole man too, an those thar dogs—raal blood hounds—so look out and git."

"My good woman, listen to me; look at me, do I look like a robber? Here is a small piece of gold. Let me come in and rest—and you will never regret it."

"Wa'll I'll see me ole man; but look out for Tom and Jim if ye gets to cuttin up." She trotted off, yet looking back as though still a little undecided or alarmed; but soon returned to the door, called the dogs, and shut them up, then motioned to Harold to come inside.

On entering the door he perceived an old man bolstered up, and sitting in a rickety and used up old rocking chair, with feet bandaged; everything in the room betokened poverty, but much neater than the majority of such shanties in that section of country usually were.

"Come in sir," said the old man, "my ole ooman is mitey skeered an ticklish about them ar pranks wots bin dun a leetle funder up country. Yer see, thar's bin so awful imports wots cum from that way—but I tell'd her—the old ooman—I specs yer was a raal gent; fer they wud a tuck wot they wanted, and gim nuthin but cusses—enyway—they—they wud'nt gi us gold. We hasn't got much, but yo be welcum to that. I guess yo must have missed yer road. Be yer going to Shrifport?"

"I am on my way to Gen. Smith's headquarters; doubtless I am a little out of the usual path; the beauty of the country may have led me a little astray; but you, sir, can direct me right, I presume?"

"Wal, yes—this confounded old roomatick cum on from gettin wet tuther day;—but if I can't sir, my ole ooman can. But now ole ooman yer'd better try to git up summut fer the gent ter eat."

Harold and the old man chatted away, but soon the *ole ooman* came in from the adjoining room and placed a cracked plate and a knife and fork upon the little table, then retired, but quickly returning with what our hero thought must be a smoking pan of the green leaves of cabbage with a small piece of bacon in the centre; then a plate of poor Confederate stand-by—"corn-bread."

The old man told Harold to "sit up and help himself;" he did as he was bade, while the old lady again went out—but she soon returning said:

"This is all we've got; I've got two or three old hens left, and they must have laid those two eggs for you—being as they ain't laid in a long while afore to day."

She then went to a cupboard and unwrapping a piece of cloth, brought forth some huge slices of wheaten bread, putting these beside the eggs, she said: "This is your dazzer."

"Thank you good woman, don't think me inquisitive; but will you tell me what kind of salad this is?"

"'Taint no kind of salad at all, sir—it's *poke*-greens, and it's mitey good, wen yer can't get better."

However, our hero did'nt agree with her, neither did he seem to relish the corn-bread, for he had'nt been raised on it, as a 'Southern planter' once told an Englishman that was in his employ, who complained of his diet of corn-bread and pork, and who asked for wheat bread and fresh beef, remarking that 'he had'nt been raised on that kind of food.' "Well, I was raised on it; and I eat it now—and enjoy it."—"Well, I was'nt raised on it, nor do I enjoy it," said the Englishman—and so with Harold—but he really enjoyed the wheaten bread and eggs—thankful in his heart that those two wise old hens had laid those two eggs for his *especial* benefit. After dining, he inquired of the old man if he might unsaddle and stable his horse, and if he had any feed for sale.

The old man hesitated, then told him the "ole ooman had a little corn hided," but he should have some of it. "Them darn'd Yanks cleaned us most out the last time they come'd this way."

Harold went outside, unfastened and unsaddled his tired horse, and led him toward what appeared to be a kind of stable, dog kennel, etc. He heard the neighing of another animal inside, and upon entering, beheld a little black pony: "I have seen you somewhere that is certain," thought he—"I believe it is Sable!—Sable, old fellow, how are you?" and as he spoke to him and called his name; the little fellow neighed and seemed to know that he had found a friend.

Harold at once resolved that he would possess the pony if possible, and take it along with him; so after petting him again and again, he went once more into the shanty.

Bright and early the next morning he started—not only riding his favorite animal, but leading also Jenny's little pet "Sable."

"Yes," the old man said, he was willing to part with him; "a 'Yank' had left him there, for his feet were sore and was a most crippled from it, and had taken an old horse of his that was'nt much account anyway. We have fed him, and grazed him sometimes, but he is not fit to work, so I don't care if I do sell him."

Money was scarce, and when Harold offered them two gold eagles, they could scarcely believe their own eyes, and would not receive a cent for the accommodation and refreshment of himself or beast.

Just before he started away, he inquired of the ole ooman—"Where were 'Tom and Jim,' as he had not seen them;" she pointed to an old rifle and a much used shot gun that stood in a corner, and said: "*Thar am 'Tom' and 'Jim.'*"





CHAPTER VIII.

“There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well, if it do not roll our way.”

TWO officers were comfortably seated in the General's quarters at “Headquarters of the Confederate Army.” One is dressed in a fine suit of navy blue; the other, a stout burly looking old fellow, who, like our hero, wore a kind of rusty looking gray—none the better for wear—but withal a brave old soldier who had fought many battles, and still used his thought and skill in the cause of the brave Confederacy.

Neither officer wore a sword, and only the former wore epaulets, the latter having nothing to grace his rather stooping shoulders—nevertheless he was known as General——, commanding such and such a brigade.

They had been gaily chatting, when all at once the General said in a more serious tone—“And so it is your decided inference that there will be peace soon, Colonel?”

“Yes, General, how can it be otherwise? You have lost Charleston, Vicksburg and other important places. Sherman's sweeping everything before him; Grant is gradually undermining Lee; Richmond must soon fall; beside, General, I should think your men were getting tired out and fairly discouraged—I think the bravery of the South can never be disputed; the unflinching courage of her sons unparalleled; but time is telling on your sir—your resources are not equal to your demands. My heart is with you, General, though I do wear the blue, and Federal officer's uniform—I shall take them off—my best and warmest feelings being now with the South. You treat your prisoners as well as your limited resources will allow; ah! far better than I have seen your

men treated when prisoners of ours. Yes! you have discommoded yourselves for my comfort—you have sacrificed your wants for mine—and never again shall my arm be lifted against so noble a people;" getting up he offered his hand, and continued: "Here is my hand upon that, General, and may it wither if I ever break my word."

"Thank you! thank you, Colonel; your heart is in the right place. Would to God more would come out and express themselves more openly; for I believe many feel as you do, but are not sufficiently candid to admit it. Somehow in the last few weeks I am beginning to feel discouraged, and, candidly speaking, I feel your words to be prophetic. We are weakening daily; we have hoped for English and French intervention, but it seems a forlorn hope, further off than ever. Our men are still as brave, but my God, man, they are starving; we have so few producers. Texas might supply us, but transportation is out of the question. You have against us thousands from the old as well as the new continent; our slaves armed against us, which I think a deep, foul blot upon the name of our Northern compeers, in fact, upon enlightened civilization. I speak warmly, I feel warm, and you would too, were you in our situation; our own property used as an instrument—a cruel, savage instrument, to our dethronement of rights guaranteed by the Constitution; we, only a handful of men, most of them the best blood of the land, contending against the WORLD. Well, as you say, I do not see what else is to come but peace; but it must be an HONORABLE peace—a peace settled on honorable terms, or else, better, *far* better, perish *every drop* of blood in the South." The General was getting a little excited, but paused, and the Federal replied:

"I am sure, General, and would stake my life and reputation on it, that if the South *would* lay down their arms, peace would be declared, and all honorably adjusted. The Union is the first consideration—it would be restored—and all would be well again in a very short period of time; your rights and privileges guaranteed; and now that we are better acquainted, the Southern people understood and appreciated, our social relationship would be more strongly bound and lasting."

"I trust so, Colonel; my heart, but not my courage, mis-gives me. There is to be some hard fought battles yet, if not in the field, in the senate, and in our legislative halls, but we shall see; time shows all things."

Ah, Colonel! you, who are a friend to Southern rights, and advocate of more social standings, what do you say to-day? Where are the social relationships? What have they been, and where are they now? Hark!

"What are the wild waves saying?"
Where are the wild beast preying?

Union was the watchword—"Union" was the cry—"Union for ever." Has it been Union? Is it yet Union?

Ask the wild waves that pitch and toss a gallant bark, striving to gain a shore, or to anchor in peace and safety in the harbor with its sister crafts.

Ask the hurricane that beats and batters all within its path—uplifting huge giant oaks as straws—and whirling homes and firesides to wretched dooms, in its fierce, destructive and ungovernable rage.

Ask the terrible simoom, with its scorching, withering and poisonous breath and angry tread.

Ask the dwellers of the mountain range, or toiler in the valley; ask those who know no law, who plunder, rob, and sometimes murder those who chance to fall in their path.

Ask God, ye hearts of stone that once claimed honor as the stepping stone to deeds as black as midnight's thunder cloud, on which you travelled, spreading animosity, discontent, and enmity wherever your blighting presence was made manifest.

Away with fanatic's alluring dreams; put deceptive allegories to flight; hurl back scorn and defiance at those who would plant the seed of discord to grow into a choked up field of vice, misery, and ruin, until insurrection sweeps with its scathing hand thousands of victims! Away with all that tends to debase and demoralize—for look at its past—

Louisiana is still suffering from the mire of injustice and misrepresentation, that the past has thrown around her, but,

thank God, she is emerging from a dark and dreary night of misgovernment* and disaster, into the bright and effulgent rays of a glorious future, and will once more wear in her forehead the "Crescent" proclaiming her "Queen" of the far famed Sunny South; but she needs a steady hand, a well balanced mind, a warm heart—with principles, noble; aspirations, grand—but for the good of the people and welfare of the State—to steer over the troubled waves, through the hurricane; pass the simoom, and beyond the reach of "those hearts of stone" who would sacrifice her, and tread on the bodies of every man, woman and child to accomplish their malignant purposes.

Our present Governor is the man—he holds out "the olive branch;" to those who love peace, rather than war---honor, rather than shame, he says "come;" to those who love truth better than falsehood, virtue better than vice, good better than evil, he says "come" under my banner, and fold your tired wings---look up and behold my motto: "PEACE!" "CHARITY!" and "PROSPERITY!" come under and rest your tired feet, soothed by the promise of hope; for the future, calm your troubled minds; link with me, in one grand golden chain that shall extend and reach the White House; rivet the attention of all that is good and great---then like an electric shock, it shall touch the noble heart of him who stands at the helm, and is guiding the grand "old Union Ship" into peace and safety."

May Our Father e'en God give both "Our President" and beloved Governor strength to wield and conquer.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

*Carpet baggers.





CHAPTER IX.

“There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion’d by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns and many a stone
Marble and granite with grass overgrown!
Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon time! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve.”

WHAT of Harold and his secret troubles? We will return, and continue with him until he arrives at headquarters. His reveries have continued; his thoughts have flown on, far in advance of his actual presence, and only in sight of his mental vision.

He rides on (leading the little brute who so carelessly guarded his fond mistress) day after day, until he is wearied and tired out.

At last there is the camp ground, with its once white, but now worn, dingy and tattered tents, scattered round, dotting here and there, the open field and roadside pathways.

As he rides along the lines, he notes the starved and starving look of all—he passes. The gaunt appearance of man and beast; the sad and sorrowful notes of the few little twittering birds, that appeared frightened at his distant approach; it was only the buzzard, black, sleek and fat, that seemed lords of the day, prancing and dancing, hopping and jigging, flapping their wings—and—

Boldly staring at his tired beast
As if to discover,
What was the prospect of another feast.

Well, we must have our jokes, and so did the poor tattered soldiers have theirs; for as Harold rode along the lines, leav-

ing the friendly buzzard in his rear, there came an echo from tent to tent, from post to post:

"Here's you mule! Here's you mule! Here's you mule! Here's you mule!" "Mule," "mule," "mule," until he was heartily sick and tired of the sound and the name of mule.

But now another sound salutes him, which too, is echoed, but for a short distance only:

"Oh, it's Harold!" "It's Clinton, boys!" "Where have you been so long ole fel!" "It's Harold! Harold with us again."

A few of the company to which he was first attached, were the ones that gave him the last joyful greetings. But he does not tarry long—onward! onward! while his heart is pleading, backward! backward! and yet he hastes along.

Arriving at headquarters, he gains access to an old friend, one who knows somewhat of his interesting history—General C——; they have a long confidential chat, after which, he is accommodated with comfortable quarters, and he rests himself and beast for a few days; he then receives a letter of introduction and recommendation to General Smith, is received kindly, after being compelled to wait a day after having presented his letter of introduction.

Another long and earnest conversation, and the great General knew Harold Clinton was a volunteer, and had volunteered with the understanding that he was not to be forced into any measures that would compromise him or his rights as a *British subject*, and that he had recently been in the Yankee lines. He knew no more of him, nevertheless felt an unaccountable respect for the noble looking man in gray, no longer *shabby*, for he had replenished his wardrobe as well as the poor productions of the place would allow.

But Harold would not tarry too long. After settling some private business, placing "Sable" in good hands, paying in advance for his care, writing and posting letters, he prepared again for going.

You must remember, at this period, people on the Western bank of the Mississippi river had but little communication

with the other part of the world, no regular mail, no post-office and, in some parts, no mail at all.

He wrote letters to foreign lands, to California and other places, and while he writes in praise of the South, and urging the recognition of the Confederacy, we will leave him in peace to finish them at his leisure; while simply noting that on the table lay his 'transfer' to a Louisiana brigade and permission to join the scouts.

The glad sound of Peace! Peace! came floating along on the breeze—in one huge billow, tossing the drooping spirits to a mammoth height.

Another ray of Hope, peeping through the clouds, lifting the veil that covered the sad face and discouraged features of her troubled gaze, for a short time. But alas! though a shadow was approaching the Union stronghold, Peace still coquetted with hope's brightest sunbeams, while fierce Battle raged, more determined than ever to subjugate, while devastation and humiliation, were rampant—gorged with success, gained by unequal numbers and Famine's fast increasing speed.

Such I am bold to state is *my humble* opinion, relative to the principal hand that pulled to pieces the "fabric," that so long and tenaciously clung to each and every ray of hope, which now sent forth so seldom its beams, to lighten the darkening pathways of fond expectations pictured dreams.

But old "Father Time," with his never ceasing stroke, beats a reveille to the closing scenes and last despairing knell of Secessia, and her heroic, disheartened, but still undaunted braves.

Yet a little while, and no more war; yet a little while, and envy, malice and revenge, will be things of the past—dying a natural death, and buried in the shades of oblivion.

Alas! our judgment was at fault, for they have scarcely slumbered.

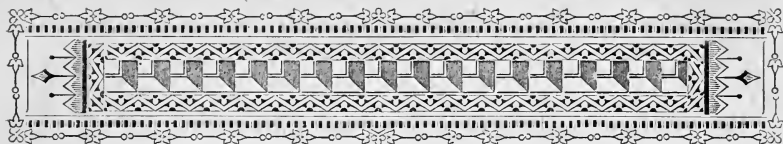
But if the war, with its terrible relations, is coming to a close with its broken ranks, slaughtered heroes, and bursting hearts; with mingled tear drops of friend and foe—uniting in one wild wave which overwhelms all feelings of bitter ani-

mosity, and waters the graves of our poor boys, and the Federal dead lying side by side, so must our little story lead the way to its own conclusion. Therefore let us ALL continue to cover those green graves with bright fragrant flowers ; let the SOUTH stretch forth and clasp the hands of NORTH, EAST and WEST, and all entwine garlands to wreath in chaplets around the sacred memory, and the graves of the "BLUE and GRAY," and we will intrude upon their sacred repose no more.

Constant still to fond memories that are gone, allaying if we can our poignant grief, by planting roses and removing thorns from the pathway of others, who still have griefs that time cannot assuage, and of all the vast human race, show by example and precept that we realize there is a world—where there is no more tears, no more partings, no more graves, and as bright spirits we will twine garlands to strew upon and around "God's Holy Temple,"—where all is Joy, Peace and Love—in the everlasting presence of Him who reigns for ever and ever.

Peace, forevermore ; let "Blue and Gray" join hands, and shout "Peace ! Peace !"





CHAPTER X.

“And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride,
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted the trumpet unblown.”

THIS many weeks since Jenny and Harold have met.

He, on his return, volunteered to join a secret expedition, where skill and daring bravery were to lead. Their plans succeeded, and their object was gained, but, in consequence of some misrepresentation, he was detained much longer than he had anticipated.

Being now at liberty, he continued on his way, rejoicing secretly that he had been instrumental in serving both man and beast.

Humanity was his favorite study; selfishness a feature entirely unknown to his generous nature.

There was but one thing his affectionate nature craved—and in a manner it was found—

So was bright Venus in her robes of gold.—
Yet with his manly beauty and wealth untold,

He would not soil his conscience by courted thought of evil.

He would whisper of respect, honor, friendship, but *not* of love; not *that*; for it was too far in the distance—too tender a thought to brood over. Thus he reasoned, and determined to be strong.

Rainy weather, and roads made almost impossible from

frequent travel of heavy wagons, detained him still on his way, but now he is nearing the old camp ground. It is deserted, and the aspect of the surrounding country, sad and dreary looking.

It is getting quite dark, but he sees a small light faintly glimmering through the gathering evening mist; it comes from a lone cabin by the roadside; he remembers an old negro who had lived there, and wonders if he is there still; he was quite an old man, but spry and healthy, and a rare exception among his kind, for he was a real rebel darkey, and would beg from the Yankees to give to the Rebs; and Harold himself had been treated to some real good coffee several times, by the same old Reb.

He reins in his horse beside the old cabin, and calls. The old man was there still, and came to the door with a small old lamp, that threw a flickering light around; he stood on the door sill, and, looking up into Harold's face, he appeared to recognize him, or at least, that he was a Confederate soldier.

"Bress God, massa, whar hab you cum'd from? dem Yanks gwine cotch you for sartin, for de most ob de boys am dun gone roun de odder way."

"Ah, Uncle Dan, are the Yanks so near as that?"

"Yes, sar! some of dem blue jackets cumb'd up this morning an went a sarchin all de roun, but me bleeves fore God, massa, da as all gwine back, for I seed Cap'n an one or two ob de men gwine ober de fiel a leetle while ago. guesses how de odders mus gone roun, an try to cut off de blue jacks."

"Well, I am anxious to see the Captain, and may just as well as not follow him, but are you sure it was the *Captain* that went by way of the field? and you think the Yankees have all gone down?"

"Sartin, massa, bout de Cap'n, an I'se putty sure dat de Yanks am all dun gone back."

"How are all the folks in town, and over the way, and how are they getting along?"

"Poorly! poorly! massa, da hab a mitey hard time of it; de niggers dun mos all run away now, and da steal way in de

night, de varmints, as ef de white folk keer'd ef da went—fer da acks shameful, talks mitey big bout der land and tings da gwine to hab, but for dis nig's part, I tinks a nigger's a nigger for all dat—even ef de Yanks dun paint 'm white."

"Well, Uncle Dan, plenty of these darkies will repent ever leaving their good homes and kind friends; but I must ride on; I suppose you'll turn Yankee by and by?"

"Neber, massa! Neber! I'se a Reb nigger to de backbone."

"Well I'm glad to hear it. Good night Uncle Dan—I'm going to town at any rate."

I said the night was dark—it now grew intensely so; and the wind was rising; but he rode on past familiar scenes, past the house where he had lain sick, and homes where most of the inmates had extended to him a cheerful welcome.

Does he not feel the chill on the breeze that comes sweeping from house to house? Go back, Harold! an enemy more subtle than the blue jackets is on your path; one, more cruel than death, is tearing to pieces with its ravenous jaws, your good name. Go back! don't follow the footpath leading to the *minister's* door, for he it is that will turn the cold shoulder on your approach. He bears the appellation of God's minister, yet he serves Mammon; his duty is to warn sinners and point them to the Savior, for sinners may, by the "Atonement," receive full pardon from God, and be restored to Grace, and abide with Him in His own dwelling, in the "Golden City;" but Harold must not enter the dwelling, or abide with this man, born in the flesh; although Christ shed his blood to save all alike, neither could this minister have construed the Holy Scriptures which he preached, correctly, for had there been the slightest pretext of censure—is it not written:

"If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness," etc.; also: "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come into him, and will sup with him and he with me."

Harold wishes to know about Mr. Bancroft, more espe-

cially Jenny. The minister seems the proper one of whom to inquire. He knocks at his door, and it is opened by his wife, who as soon as she recognizes Harold, turns up an already turned up nose, and scornfully turned away, showing however, her plebian blood in every twist of her plebian body. She left him standing outside; and while he is waiting, I will fill in the space by a few remarks. I have frequently noticed how some of the low born, *try to imitate* the trade of twist and toss, tack and tuck, of the better pedigree, but still inferior specimen of humanity. I can but take notice, and it is often a subject of comment, that the lower the origin of a person, female particularly so, if by any of these tacks and tucks they are raised to affluence, or are noticed, and become associates of the better class, the more haughtiness do they strive to assume.

This professed man of God—but serving Satan—now came forth from a table steaming and smoking with a nice warm supper, and with a sanctified, but low groveling look, said:

"Good evening sir! Do you wish to see me on any particular business?" Harold, of course, felt somewhat surprised, but replied:

"You appear to have forgotten me, Mr. Robb; Harold Clinton at your command."

"Well then, young man, I command you to go on your way, and go and do your duty by that woman, and leave respectable people in peace," and with these last words, *bang* went the door, shut to, with a force almost knocking Harold over. Quite breathless in his great agitation at the minister's words, he knocked again at the door, determined to demand an explanation of those harsh undeserving words; but he was not heeded, and his anger arose as he thought of how *little* cause a *Southern* man, especially a *minister*, had for treating him in so shameful a manner.

Of course his thoughts flew directly to Jenny. What duty did he owe her, that he would not willingly fulfill?

"Good God! Did those words imply any insult to her? as for himself, it mattered not; his own pure conscience was of sufficient protection; but her—what of her?"

He would follow the river side where the evening breeze might cool his fevered brow; he thought of the kind old doctor, *he* was a friend of Jenny's, he would go to *him* and find out all. Would anyone dare say aught of Jenny but what was pure and good?

"God help me and them if I hear of it; they would not dare!" he clenched his fists and grit his teeth—he forgot where he was; he had forgotten all but *her*; Captain, Conderates and blue jackets—all passed from his thoughts.

His horse seemed to be getting restless; but so deeply engrossed was he with his thoughts and wounded feelings, that he failed to notice his companion's behavior; heeded not that which foreboded mischief—that shadow on his left, not suspecting the presence of those skulking forms who now, with a demoniac howl, sprang out and fired upon him without notice, or even asking him to surrender. His poor dumb friend was instantly killed, and they rushing at him with charged bayonets, which were so new he could see them gleam in the darkness. Feeling his danger, knowing that his life was threatened, and furious at losing his horse, he drew his revolver and fired, one, two, three—and two of them bite the dust, their faces so black, the dust but powdered their hideous features to a hue more resembling two of their comrades—a third being of the same African tint.

Harold did not wish to be taken prisoner; neither did his advancing enemies seem desirous of taking him as such, for murder was in their minds, murder was in their hearts, murder was in their baleful eyes, murder in the rapid strides, and murder on the points of their bayonets; and "kill him!" "kill the d——d rebel," was the cry. He had emptied his revolver—another with a shriek toppled over, calling on the two that were left to come and save him.

After firing his last shot he darted away; and making a curve in his course, made all headway toward the banks of the flowing stream.

One of the two who still followed, gave him a parting salute, and lodged a ball in his left breast.

Harold thought he was fatally wounded, but he resolved

that he would not be captured; so sprang into the water, dived out of sight, afterwards arose some little distance from the shore; he then swam up the stream, notwithstanding the strong current, and again turned toward the bank, which gaining, he attentively listened, and found his enemies had returned to their wounded comrade; so he gently raised himself out of the water on the root of a staunch old live oak which spread its protecting arms across the stream; feeling faint and sick, he crawled into a friendly hollow that seemed to invite him to enter and rest, also refresh his now fast sinking form.

After getting down on all fours he crawled apace, and what was his delight to find it enlarging, the dirt or bank having been washed away leaving an excavation of some considerable extent. He felt for his tinder box—fortunately he found it, and it being waterproof, he soon had a light, and what was his surprise to find therein “stores” or articles piled and packed on each other.

His surprise was so great that for a moment he forgot his own condition, until an excruciating pain shot through his body like a dagger thrust; he then examined his wound, could feel the ball, and his determination was to extract it himself with some pocket instrument that he usually carried about his person.

He thought of the packages—perhaps there might be something he could use to his own advantage; perhaps a stimulant or something that might answer the purpose. But then he would be appropriating what did not belong to him; still “possession was nine points in law.” Well, thought he, mine or not mine, I am in a critical condition, and my situation in any event will be a reasonable excuse, so I will see what the contents of these packages are at any rate.

He fumbles among them, “this feels like a bottle—brandy as I live, so here goes,” and though he was habitually a teetotaller, he instantly broke the neck of the bottle and imbibed a few swallows; it was very strong, yet seemed a pure article. What he drank revived his droopingspirits and fast failing strength. He gathered a few loose sticks that

were lying round, and kindled a little blaze; he looked at his watch and found it near midnight. He was getting faint and sick, but thought it better to remain quiet where he was until break of day, then he would seek some friendly shelter and have his wound attended to; but determined to make his way back into the Confederate lines. He now thought of the other packages, and hastily cutting the strings with which they were tied, opened them out, and was both pleased and surprised at their contents.

There was a bolt of white cotton, some of this would come in play first rate; then there were yards of calico—several patterns; then coffee, tea, and oh, how fortunate! candles, quinine and crackers—real nice crackers.

"Ah," said he, "I can almost set up house-keeping." He tore off a piece of cotton, saturated it with brandy and bathed his wounded side.

"These articles must belong to some blockade runner," thought he, "or some friendly Yankee has placed them here for the use of some soldier or family—that seems more likely; in either case, they can't be very unfriendly, so I'll try and make myself as comfortable as possible under existing circumstances."

He spread out some of the calico and rolled over on it, covering himself with folds of the cotton, for he was now getting chilled through and through.

He placed other packages under his head, and growing more faint thought he would try to rest and to think of the evening's developments. And what were those developments.

False friends. A Minister of God, shutting his door in the face of a weary traveler which was just as sinful as the treacherous enemy in ambush, even worse, *worse*; but alas! human nature is prone to err, and "*Christ's gospel teachers*," do not always follow His precepts and example.





CHAPTER XI.

“ He who has learnt the duty which he owes
To friend and country, and to pardon foes;
Who models his department as may best
Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest;
Who takes our laws and worships as they are
Nor roars reform for senate, church and bar;
In practice rather than loud precept wise
Bids not his tongue but heart philosophise;
Such is the man the poet should rehearse
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.”—*Byron*.

IT is necessary to go back to find out how it came to the knowledge of the enemy that Harold was approaching, and so post themselves in the manner they did, all in readiness to fire upon him.

While he was standing in front of old Uncle Dan's domicil neglectful of the prudence the state of surrounding affairs demanded, he had been observed by a pair of keen devilish eyes—a young negro, with a slight tint of the white in his veins—mean, cowardly and treacherous as some of them are, being more envious they are more revengful. Yet “there are exceptions to all rules.”

This one—one of the objects of Radicals never ceasing disinterested attachments—was a well-known secret friend of theirs; and was suspected of spying and informing on the movements of the rebel soldiers, as well as the inhabitants of the neighborhood; but he had never been actually detected, and so was left, unfortunately, unmolested.

He had once before tried his influence in getting Uncle Dan to quit his home and leave off serving the “Rebs,” as he impudently called them; but the old man bade him, “git out of that wid em debelment, and leab him alone;” he would question the old man, and was a constant spy on his actions, as well as those of the whites.

This evening he was making his way there to again question the old darkey about the rebs, their direction, etc., but just before reaching the cabin he heard the tread of a horse, and his suspicious nature led him to slink back and hide himself from view, behind a clump of tall weeds that were luxuriating around the premises of the old darky's home.

When Harold rode up, and while in conversation with the old man, "Yellow Charles," as he was called, peeped out slyly from behind his hiding post, and when the old man came forth with the dull, flickering light in his hand, the whole of the person of Harold with his horse was revealed to those basilisk eyes.

He caught a few words of the conversation, then set off, first slyly creeping, and after getting a short distance away, ran at the top of his speed toward his master's house. He knew that a horse was hid in what had been used as a dairy, but the place was now locked; having no key he broke the lock, opened the door and went inside, and in a few moments came out again leading the animal by a rope, that he had brought with him, tied around its neck, he jumped upon its back and was soon going at full gallop down by the river side.

He rode on to where he knew there had been a picket guard of the Federals—he did not find any there. He still rode on, and was now galloping rapidly toward the Federal camp; but meeting five men—he drew rein—and told them that the famous Captain—was down again, and was likely to be caught, "and," said he, "look out, for he is well armed, and can whip half a dozen of critters like you; so you'd better not try to take him prisoner unless you set a trap for him."

They tried to detain him, but he said, "no, he would ride on and send them more help."

Onward he went, but after getting some distance off, thus he soliloquized: "You ain't going to catch me being close by, when that are lion of a reb gits to roaring and shooting, so I'll jist ride round and take back froo the woods—and see de rebs, how da will be down in de mouf about dat dar fancy Cap'n."

The five men went on until they found a suitable ambush, and they then silently awaited Harold's approach; the caution of Charles deciding or determining them to surprise him, not caring if he were killed or not; and so Harold riding on unsuspecting, and not hearing a sound to raise his suspicion, was taken unawares, while in deep and absorbing meditation, forgetful of all surrounding objects, forgetful of everything but the treatment he had received, and his friends whom he came to seek.

Morning came, and with it the return of the enemy, not only those who were left of the previous evening's encounter, but others with them, and among them a FRIEND.

Young Manly, the Federal officer that had been wounded, taken to the house of, and cared for by Jenny and her friends, and was saved from the fire by Harold, had recovered and been exchanged, and upon every conceivable occasion possible, made excuse to ride in the direction of Jenny's home.

Had she bewitched him too? you ask; oh, no! he liked Jenny and respected her highly, but he was quite young, a mere youth, and it was a much younger, though a less fair beauty, that led his footsteps, or those of his horse, so frequently in that direction.

But on this occasion he is extremely uneasy, for a report was brought in, that "last night a scouting party had chased two or three rebels, who had shown their gray jackets near the picket lines, and that a marauding party had surprised the Captain, who had made his mark by killing two of them, and wounding a third; had had his horse killed under him, and had made his way to the stream, and though mortally wounded as they supposed, he would not surrender, but sprang into the water and was most likely drowned; yet, possibly by some chance had been saved, as he was desperately brave and would not resign life without a fierce struggle; if living, he might be somewhere near; if dead, his body might be discovered, and they intended to search for him;" so, bright and early they made a start.

The gray jackets alluded to must have gone round through

the woods, or in some other direction while our hero was following his.

"An officer; a very fine looking man," was the report. Young Manly led the search, he choosing the immediate adjoining premises and river bank, nearest to the scene of last night's encounter.

He was now a brevet Captain, having been promoted after his return to service; and being in command of the party, gave orders to search the surrounding country, woods and fields, and places farther on, while he would search the place indicated as the scene of the tragedy.

Sleep on brave Harold; in thy total unconsciousness sleep on; the enemy is on your track; they pass almost over your now tortured body and almost bursting head, with wild fires, galloping through your every vein: What is it you say? Hush! they will hear, and find you, and laugh in scorn at the pleading of that voice now growing fainter and fainter.

He lies cramped in that small hollow, and the vials of life are gradually oozing, spilling their crimson contents on the ground.

"Ride on, men; ride on," exclaims a familiar voice, but Harold heeds it not; "search for the reb; I'll find him if he is about these diggings."

They obey the command; while Manly at once dismounts and commences the search in his immediate vicinity. The water had risen considerably in the night; "good," thought he; "his footprints are washed away. What makes me feel so strange, I wonder? I cannot help but think of Clinton, 'a fine looking man,' they said."

"The Captain is a fine looking fellow, but not to be compared with Clinton, and I'm sure it's not the Captain, for he would not have been alone, and Harold said *he* would return. Rations have been issued to my good friends at my request; besides, I have endeavored to follow his instructions, and have done the best I could with the means he placed in my hands, but the old "rats" watch me close."

Looking up and down the bank, he observes something that excites his curiosity; taking a searching and sweeping

look all around, he descries all of his men at a distance; he now hitches his horse to an overhanging limb, then steps down on the roots of a tree to the water's edge, and takes a peep into the hollow.

"Just as I feared, by jimminy! I wonder who he is! now, if it's that terrible Captain, I can claim a reward; as I believe our Colonel said he'd see the one well paid that captured the daring fellow. Hist! softly! I think I know that voice—well I'll make sure. Why, Great God! it's Clinton, and dying, I believe!"

He, too, crawled in; spoke softly to the prostrate man, but received no reply, for Harold was unconscious and talking at random.

"Duty! duty!" sighed the sick man; "who says I won't do my duty! She feels it now, I know! Oh! Oh! I can't stand this! My heart is bleeding—bleeding! Catch the blood Jenny, and bottle it up; ah! there he is! don't let minister Robb take it from you!"

Thus his mind wandered. Manly, young and tender-hearted, could hardly restrain his tears. There lay his friend, wounded, unconscious, and perhaps dying; his life's blood slowly but surely leaving him. "I cannot stand this!" he exclaimed, "something must be done immediately. I will go up to the house, and tell her of him—women are so much quicker in comprehending and managing, to the best advantage, these things; and we may find some way to remove him before the return of the boys from their search."

He sprang up the bank, and almost in a run, directed his steps toward Jenny's residence, which stood about a hundred feet from the roadside, and but a short distance from the river; he was very excited, and had quite forgotten that he might be observed.

"Harold—and wounded! Oh, my God! how shall we get him here? Oh, Gracious Father, spare him!" were Jenny's first exclamations, and she continued: "I must go to him. Poor Harold! good friend; good friend!" She would have rushed away, thoughtless of remarks, or the construction that

might be placed upon her actions, but Manly laid a detaining hand upon her wrist.

"You forget yourself, Mrs. Bancroft, you will expose yourself and all of us; he has crawled into that hole in the bank of the river; let Miss Maggie prepare a room; send little Charley for your doctor, and ask him to come immediately, and you then follow me; be careful, for your last order was filled, and the things placed in there as usual; be careful not to attract the slightest attention, or our little strategy will be discovered. Perhaps he will recognize you, and we may get him safely out, without the aid of others."

Charley, a manly little fellow, was soon skipping on his way after good, kind old Doctor Grumble.

Maggie, now growing to be quite a womanly young creature, was let into the secret.

After giving all necessary directions, Jenny fleetly followed Manly, and her surprise was truly great on nearing the bank, to see him wrestling with the tall form of Harold, who, it seems, in his feverish dreams and perishing thirst, had crawled out for a cooling draught, and was endeavoring to make his way out into deep water.

She ran toward them, exclaiming—"Oh, Harold! good Harold, you are badly hurt! Come; come with me, my good friend."

Immediately the sound of her voice seemed to arrest his attention; he relaxed in his resistance, turned and said, "Who calls Harold? is it her voice? Is it Jenny, lassie? Yes, I'll come; but let me go away first, Jenny, in the cool, cool water. It was cold, very cold, last year, when I was shot. Oh yes, Jenny, I'll do my duty!"

He tried once more to extricate himself from Manly's clutch, when Jenny's voice again attracted him; she stood no longer waiting, not caring, that in going to him she would be compelled to get her feet wet, and her skirts bedraggled, but waded to the side of the two men, and again appealed to Harold.

"I want you, Harold; come with me, I've such nice, cool water at my house, and your little pets, Charley and Lillie,

will bring you some, cool and dripping from the well. Come Harold, come on." She caught his hand, and he followed her out of the water, up the bank; she then let go his hand, but bade him "come on;" he followed her submissively, supported by Manly, his truly *manly form* almost bent under that of the other's tall, but rather slender, and now staggering form. Jenny encouraging them by now and then a rather sickly smile, and the words:

"We'll soon be there; courage my friend; come on poor Harold."

At last the house is reached, and yet no other Federal in sight.

Manly takes time to disrobe his friend of his saturated and soiled garments, putting upon him a clean but coarse suit of underwear, belonging to Mr. Bancroft, which, for the time being, answered the purpose very well.

He then went out in search of his men, and discovered a couple only a little distance off; calling them to him he told them the wounded man was inside of the house, but in a dying condition.

When all of his men had returned, he placed a guard near the house, and then went back to our hero, to await the arrival of the doctor.

Jenny had become very much frightened while he was away. Her husband being in New Orleans, and having only Maggie to watch beside the sick man's couch, and he seeming to be getting worse, and as she thought, must die before the doctor came.

Charley now made his appearance, and said that "the doctor was not at home, but would be back soon, and all the folks was asking about Captain Jack."





CHAPTER XII.

"He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt;
He raised the maid from where she knelt;
His trance was gone—his keen eye shown
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt.—*Byron.*

HE has come at last! "The doctor is coming Jenny, coming at last," said Maggie, entering the little room where stood Manly and Jenny, bathing and soothing the delirious man.

"Thank Heaven! I was beginning to think he was never coming," said Manly, while Jenny but clasped her hands, and mentally added "Thank Heaven!"

"Ah, Manly, you here? but it's not you this time, you gay rogue, that require my services—who is it? Captain Jack? we heard in town that he was dangerously wounded last night, and that his capture either dead or alive was a certainty to-day; is it he that you have sent for in such haste?"

"No, doctor; but for a better man than him, in my opinion."

"Why, goodness me! if it is not that young Clinton: what in the dickens did he come back here for? To turn women's heads and make mischief?" "Well," said he, commencing the examination, "the poor fellow looks pretty sick, and as though would never make any more mischief—ha! here is the ball; I can feel it, not far from the surface; it's surprising too—something must have obstructed its path; perhaps his case is not so bad after all."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Jenny, almost unable to restrain her tears, "do something for him quick!"

He gave her a keen searching look, then said: "Plenty of towels, and some old linen, also a bowl of tepid water, and you might as well put this saucy girl to making lint right away

—go with your aunt girl." After they were out of the room he turned to Manly and remarked: "That woman is the picture of a ghost; but no wonder, poor soul, it seems as if she is fated for ill-luck, and in getting crack-brained and crack-boned men to worry the life out of her; no disrespect to you, Manly, but you must know the poor girl has a time of it."

Jenny returned with the articles required, and again left the room.

The ball was extracted, the wound thoroughly examined and dressed, and a soothing potion administered, after which the patient fell into a quiet slumber.

Many strange words passed the lips of our hero, while he lay wrapt in the scathing folds of a raging fever.

At one time he sprang up in his bed, stood upright, with his hands reaching upward; and when Jenny, frightened almost out of her senses, with the assistance of the nurse, whom she had to call, pulled him down, and told him to lie still, tears started from his eyes, and he cried like a child.

Many things he said made Jenny shiver, and cold chills pass through her frame.

Once he said: "Kill me, Jenny, better to die, than weep; weep! Why mother is that you weeping? Never mind darling mother! I'll go back when I'm dead, but Jenny won't let me; yes, I've got it mother, but it shot me in the water—in the water—water—water."

And on her placing to his lips, fresh cool water, he would drink with avidity, then sigh, and often repeat, softly, the name of mother, and sometimes her own.

The old doctor was an extremely kind hearted gentleman, and Jenny had been a favorite, indeed a pet of his from childhood; so, on the day that Harold was first taken to the house, she pleaded with him to return that night, and watch the patient.

He promised he would, and fulfilled his promise, for he staid not only one, but several nights.

"For," said he, "you should not be left alone in the house with that man, even if he is ill. You must know, Jenny, my child, that I take a friendly, even fatherly interest in you;

and already the hell-cats, the evil minded, old slanderous vipers, have spoken of the intimacy that existed between him and your family; and now the catamounts have coupled his name with that of that low woman, who, I think, should be driven out of the land, for I guarantee she is a vile creature, and if he was so unfortunate as to get into the scrape, she is the one most to blame, for, when a woman is full of vice, she is a fallen creature indeed, and far below the vilest man.

Excuse me, Jenny, that I speak so plainly; your husband is away, you are alone, and not used to the ways of the world, nor know of its snares and traps, nor of the poison that lurks upon the tongue of a few of the most vituperous and evil minded of the human race. They are worse than wild beasts; be careful, Jenny, you are alone and unprotected, and my age and long experience of the world, allows me the right and privilege of expressing myself thus plainly."

"Oh, doctor!" raising a most wretched looking, but tearful face—"I don't believe a word of it!" said she, passionately. "Some enemy seeks to ruin him; and the very ones who started that foul report, are those to whom the disgrace should be attached. I have heard of some very indecent behavior at their house, and I know him too well; he is generous and wholly unsuspecting in his nature; he is falsely slandered, and I am sure if they had known that he was to return, they would never have dared to speak of him as they do. Oh, doctor, don't be too hard on him, you don't know how good he is!"

"Jenny; Jenny! be careful little woman—let some one else be his champion; not you, little puss; but good-bye for the present, I will return by dark. You had better get old Millie to come down and nurse the young fellow; but you, of course be attentive, and see that my directions are strictly followed, or I cannot answer for his life."

He started off stamping and muttering: "Good, I believe her! generous too! but many a good man has been ruined by getting into bad company; and a wicked woman—well! don't talk to me. 'Her feet take hold of the bottom of hell!' don't talk to me of the creatures—and since I think about it I have

come to the same conclusion as you Jenny; well, well, the brave fellow shan't die if my old knowledge box, or trembling paws contain sufficient skill to knit together the broken thread of his almost spent life; yes, he shall live! get up Billy, I must hurry, so as to return as quick as possible."

And away he rode, still muttering and occasionally twitting his horse on his lazy gait and slow progress.

Ten days elapsed: Harold lay fighting with the fell destroyer the fierce battle of life; it waged for nine days, but on the tenth was conquered and Harold came off victorious, and the boon of life was his once more to enjoy, improve or misuse.

At last the prayers of Jenny—who prayed "Lord spare him to his mother," were answered.

And the skilful and constant attention of the kind old doctor was rewarded, and his patient pronounced "out of danger."

He was not naturally of a very strong constitution, but careful habits and a moral life had their share in assisting his recovery.

Jenny had been very kind and attentive, withal very prudent, but in spite of all, a feeling of pity would well into one of deep tenderness, yet never but once did this feeling overcome her better judgment.

It was on the evening or night of the ninth day, the children had all retired, including Maggie, the old woman dozed in a chair, but would start up and yawn—she seemed very tired and sleepy; Jenny told her to go in the next room and lie on a cot that was there, prepared for the watchers to rest upon: often the doctor, sometimes Manly, or some other person had sat up to watch, but to-night the doctor was called away, Manly could not get off, and no neighbor had offered to take their places, so the little family were alone with the sick man; and only the kind nurse, an old colored woman to assist them.

Jenny sat watching him alone; she touched his brow, it was moist; she took one of his hands and found the palm warm still, yet moist; she then leaned over him to watch and

listen to his breathing—it came more regular than she had known it during his sickness; she still held his hand, and looking down into his pale thin face, with a devouring gaze, which turned into one of infinite tenderness, she bent nearer—he was sleeping so soundly, so sweetly—he, nor none but God would ever know. He would forgive her; the thought in spite of all would intrude itself; she put it aside with a faltering, that only gave encouragement to its re-appearance.

She smoothed back the brown curls from his forehead, the impulse conquered, and she kissed him on the brow.

That kiss sent an electric shock through his whole frame, causing his eyes to open to their fullest extent.

That kiss was the spark that lit anew the dying embers of a fever-stricken life.

He recognizes Jenny instantly, but a pleasant feeling of sweet repose and relief caused him to as instantly close the curtains that revealed the precious thoughts and secrets of his soul.

Jenny was excessively frightened; she felt as if almost turned to stone, and could not move, if to have saved her life.

Harold lay motionless, as though still unconscious, and perhaps wished the same repeated; he was in Elysium, and he did not feel either the strength or the inclination to awake from his sweet dream.

But he was now wholly conscious; that kiss sent the life blood flowing back to the heart, and though it caused it to beat pretty rapid from deep emotion, he felt no inconvenience; that kiss had repaid him for all he had suffered and was suffering.

He remembered all—to his lying down in the little cave or excavation, and had a distinct recollection of being carried to the house.

Jenny stood so quiet, and so perfectly motionless that he began to feel restless—what was the matter with her? he again opened his eyes and turned, his movement broke the spell, and she was again free.

Weakness overpowered him, and sweet refreshing sleep

could not be resisted, and he slept until Lillian calling mamma again awoke him ; he now lay awake a while watching Jenny as she moved softly around, smoothing his pillow, the coverlid, and straightening the room ; then, she went away, but soon returned accompanied by the old woman, who now seated herself by the bedside, while Jenny herself lay down upon an old sofa that was in the room.

Harold watched her until she fell asleep ; then he moved slightly and attracted the attention of the old nurse ; he motioned her to give him a drink of water, which she at once did, but looking very much astonished.

He whispered : " don't wake the lady ; I am better, "—turned once more on his side and again slept.

Manly had been constant in his attendance, on his friend, for they had indeed formed a firm and lasting friendship for each other, and after communicating with the officer in charge of the nearest forces, he was allowed that privilege, beside the privilege of openly offering little luxuries that were in a manner contraband ; for the Confederates still occasionally haunted the neighborhood, a scouting party would dash into town, get a square meal, served with pleasant greetings and willing hands, then off again like the wind, never resting and never weary.

Harold knows that he is a prisoner, but he has been paroled. Manly tells him " that he is commissioned to take him to headquarters, "—he is still weak, looks thin and dejected.

Manly has explained to Harold about the contents of that " old hollow ; " and they have talked over, time and again, their whole affairs.

But what is the matter with Jenny ? ever since he was able to get about she has avoided him ; and he never gets a chance to speak with her alone ; what is the trouble ?

Maggie had never entered his room after his convalescence, and he seldom met her at all, and she appeared always shy and diffident with him, now ; so diffident from her behavior before that terrible fire ; " she seems to like Manly, " he mentally observed, " those two young hearts may grow to love each other. "

Some of the ladies around had been very kind ; yet he feels there is a coolness in the atmosphere for which he cannot account ; all of them must have known of his sad condition, yet but few, and those of the elder ones, have been in to visit him ; he remembers how kind both old and young were to Manly, who was a "Federal," and think it strange that he as "one of the boys," should be so little noticed.

He has been told by Jenny, of the doctor's kindness, and that in him he would find a true friend.

She also told him how she came to have the place on which she was now living. The family that had lived there had gone North ; and had given her the use of it for a year, to protect it ; it was a nice little home, with a small garden and field attached, which she had intended to have cultivated.

Her husband had gone to the city of New Orleans, as soon as he was able to get about, and had not returned, neither did she know when to expect him.

And now the day has come when Manly is to conduct Harold to the presence of the Federal officers, at headquarters. Their feelings are favorable toward *him*, on account of his kindness and generosity toward Manly, also his deeds of chivalry, reported to them by his friend, beside a portion of his history that he was, in a manner, betrayed in giving.

We will leave the two—Federal and Confederate, both young—"The Blue and the Gray ;" both brave and high minded, and both of the pure type of gentlemen.

Ride on gentlemen, your society is very agreeable, but we will drop to the rear and report afterward.





CHAPTER XIII.

Dark and gloomy was the view,
Of shadows cast before;
Blighting winds, and troubles new,
To hearts already sore.

CAN we frail mortals change the face of the inevitable? Can we with our feeble might cast aside that invisible hand that shapes our course; that blights or brightens our paths; that records indelibly upon the pages of time our past, present and future?

It is an old saying, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," but we doubt it, except in extreme cases; then, it may be applicable; for there are circumstances which will happen in the future, were we cognizant of, might serve to cast a gloom athwart those little specks of sunlight that coquet with the fleeting shadows, along the horizon of our present.

And had we known or been aware of the falling thunder bolt that shattered many a dream and bright hallucination, we might have covered and given up, while despair would have been our only portion.

Again, if we were fully conscious of the thoughts and opinions of others concerning ourselves, of the sly hints, inuendos, sarcasms, and often slanderous words that are used, and hurled against our backs; could we coolly tread along without sometimes a falter in our step, or a ruffle on our brow?

True, consciousness of rectitude of purpose and actions, has its influence in balancing our feelings as to the opinion of others; yet even then, we would not pass on without a smile of scorn, and a feeling of wounded pride, if not anger.

And thus it was with Harold; he moved along the path that had been laid out before him, while the malicious missiles were cast at his retreating form.

He was of a proud nature, and forbore to question what

seemed to him strange and uncalled for; thereby losing the opportunity to correct, deny and defy.

Wrapping himself in a mantle of pride and self-control, he turned from Jenny and her door, sorely wounded in feeling, but with a proud step, yet expressions of deep gratitude and heartfelt wishes.

They parted, and the parting was cool—both thinking it *final*. Little did they think or dream that they were to meet again, or that their separation was for so short a time.

Already the Confederate Generals across the river were surrendering; and though there were still a few infatuated, believing and contending "that France, and perhaps England, would yet recognize us, if we fought it out on this side," none of the truly wise or far-seeing could but feel, however they might deplore, that the last hope had fled, and the Confederacy was no more.

Our hero still wore the shabby gray; his new suit having been both soiled and torn after he was shot, had been mended and washed; but it looked new no more.

He was taken to New Orleans, and after getting there, through the influence of Manly's commanding officer, was paroled to the limits of the city.

He soon grew better in health, and gradually became lively; casting aside despondency, he thought of pleasant scenes and very dearly remembered faces.

He is boarding on St. Charles; has a very comfortable, well furnished room, and as we meet up with him again, find him once more busily writing and addressing letters.

To whom should he write? that poor soldier in the shabby gray; has he friends other than those he has just left? Aye, that he has—a fond mother, and in "old Merrie England," too; yes, in the "tight little island," with its rock-bound coast, are those that are anxiously waiting for him. But let us steal upon him and discover his secret.

Lady Eleanor Clinton,

Clinton Park,

Kent, England.

But hist! there is some one knocking at the door.

"Come in," said Harold; a fumbling at the door, and turning of the knob was still the only sign of the would-be intruder; and getting impatient, he arose, went to the door and opened it himself; and the tottering form of Mr. Bancroft almost fell into his arms.

"How do Clinton? I've been out searching for you these—ah, oh, ah—five or six days—and I've found you out old fel—Shan't oh, ah, let you slip away from me again in a hurry."

"Come in, Mr. Bancroft, and take a seat," and with no gentle hand pulled his visitor in, slamming the door behind them; for along the corridor were continually passing and re-passing, some of his fellow boarders; some of them handsome well dressed ladies, who hitherto had treated him with respect and especial politeness, notwithstanding his exceedingly rusty suit.

In fact the gray suit was an honored badge—the poor rebel soldier, one to be pitied and on whom every little attention that lady-like refinement and true politeness could bestow.

"Hic—hic—I am wanting to get back to the old woman, Clinton; don't you!"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Oh nothing, boy! only Manly told me (hic) he is—oh—hic—hang the hic—hiccough—Manly said you were badly wounded—hic—and he took—hic—you to my house—hic—and old man Grumble—hic—and my wife saved your—hic—life, he was—hic—not gassing was he?"

"No, Mr. Bancroft, he told you the truth. I am under many obligations to Mrs. Bancroft. I was taken to your house while unconscious; and she and the doctor were very kind and attentive, and were instrumental in saving my life; and I shall ever feel grateful to both. If I had been in my right senses, I don't think I should have given your wife so much trouble; or, in other words, would not have troubled her at all. I repeat, I shall ever feel grateful, and be under many and lasting obligations; but my duty demands my presence elsewhere, and as soon as all is satisfactorily settled, I shall leave Louisiana, and perhaps the United States."

He spoke sadly, even sorrowfully; and though Mr. Ban-

croft was intoxicated, he had sufficient feeling left in his almost benumbed heart, to feel a sense of pity for the noble man, that had already been the means of serving him in many ways.

"Well, Clinton, while things are getting straightened up once more into ship-shape—hic—goodness, how—hic—in thunder my head aches; you—hic—must go home with me."

"Impossible, Mr. Bancroft!"

"But you must, I say! I won't take no! I never did take no! and won't now. I shall go out on Saturday, and you must go—hic—hic. I suppose those little picaninnies of mine are not—hic—starving, or were not when you left? Somehow, Manly has taken a great interest in my family."

He drew his chair near the bed, and leaned his head on it, but continued with an occasional "hic! hic!"

"He kept Jenny supplied with articles and provisions that I could never spare the money to buy, and said a friend was assisting him, and that, that friend was in our debt; I thought it some one who had taken property from us, so I never troubled my head about it."

Harold slightly colored, then paled, but made no reply.

"Come, Clinton, let's go down to the St. Charles—I want to see some fellows that are staying there."

"Not this morning, Mr. Bancroft, but give me your address, and I will call to-morrow."

"All right old fel, but don't forget me, nor to see about that *pass*, any way; in a few days you will be your own man again, and can then do as you please; but remember I want you to go up on Saturday."

He went staggering down the stairs; a feeling of loathing and contempt filled the heart of Harold.

He was gone. Oh, the relief of being rid of his presence! Harold paced backward and forward, up and down the confined limits of his room; his brow knitted with frowns, and his hands clenched behind him.

And he can go back to her, the drunken sot! while I shall, never more. Yes, I too, will go back! no; no! it would never

do." The sound of the dinner bell startles him, and arrests his steps.

"No more pining and whining. I am no love-sick maiden or puling youth, but a man with a will; what child's play for me to be continually harping upon wanting to go back. True, I do want to go back, but back home, and I will too—for "home, sweet home, there's no place like home;" but I'll go down now, and after dinner will have a chat with sprightly Mrs. Younger, and insist on the young ladies reviving my drooping spirits with some of their rattle bang-hang me, spell-bound, ethereal music. I believe I'll give them a specimen of my witchcraft in making the old ivories speak out; by the way, I wonder they do not get a good instrument in the place of that old rattle-trap: surely they can afford it."

Standing before the looking-glass and commencing fixing himself preparatory to going down—brushing his hair, etc., he thus communed;

"Well, I have seen better looking men in my time young fellow, still, mother thinks her youngest son not so bad looking, and I expect she is as good a judge of beauty as the majority of mothers usually are when their own children are brought on the carpet, but *don't* I look shabby though! yes, I will and must say *shabby*, for although not exactly "tattered and torn" shabby suits me best; so, shabby it must be. Poor mother! you would scarcely recognize your Harold in this old toggery. I don't know what possesses me, but I hate to give up the old suit. Well, mother, your rambler will be with you soon; I have it yet mother; and I believe it saved my life—ah, well! let's not think of that now."

Brushing his clothes he still continues: "Poor old clothes, we hang on to each other, until—until—well, we'll see."

In the early morning, just at daybreak there was again a knocking on the outside of his door; the forepart of the night he had been restless, his dreams had been troubled, so that toward morning his sleep was sound but the knocking at last aroused him. "Who's there, and what's the matter?" he inquired. "You are wanted, sir," answered a voice from with-

out. "Wait a moment," replied Harold. He arose quickly and on opening the door, a bright looking colored boy handed him a note.

It was yet too dark to decipher writing, so he immediately lit the gas—and opened a dirty crumpled piece of paper which read thus:

"Sir:

The gentleman whose name is Bancroft and who is boarding here, was taken sick in the night; he spoke of you frequently during the night. Will you please come to him as quick as possible, for he is getting terrible, and keeps a calling you all the time. Please hurry for he is mighty sick.

ARABELLA SCROGGS.

Harold, telling the boy to wait a few minutes, hurriedly dressed—then telling the boy to go on and he would follow him. Up St. Charles and down Julia street until he stopped in front of a narrow, brown, dingy looking house; rapping at the door, a tall, coarse looking woman, dressed in a yellow dingy gown, appeared. He enquired for Mrs. Scroggs. "I am here," she said. "I received a note from you concerning Mr. Bancroft." "Oh, yes," she replied, "please walk in." He was shown into a small dingy hall, covered with a dusty, dingy, worn and torn carpet; up a flight of stairs into another more serenely dingy still; then into a dingy back-room where lay upon a dingy looking bed (for dingy seemed to express every object in the room) the sick man, looking woe-begone, and even dingy in color.

Mr. Bancroft was again very ill, without the comforts of home and ministering hands of a wife and other friends, in Mrs. Scroggs' dingy looking boarding house; he was delirious and did not recognize Harold, yet called his name, and his presence seemed to quell or quiet the sick man's ravings to some extent.

Our hero was too noble and generous to allow the man to lie there and suffer without making some arrangement for his comfort, and obtaining the best of medical attendance and attention. He at once summoned one of the most popular

and best physicians of the city, and he in turn held consultation with others scarcely inferior.

Time wore on, and Harold was getting very impatient, for he was not wholly perfect, and now complained bitterly that he was left the sole charge of a man in whom he had no interest, and an almost entire stranger, and one whom, try as he might, he loathed—yet in all of his loathsomeness he envied not a little. He had written to Jenny, telling her that her husband was very low, and that her place was by his bedside, but "Jenny was not well, and could not go—" so wrote Maggie in reply.

He wrote also to a sister of Mr. Bancroft who lived in a neighboring town; she could not leave home.

The physicians advised Harold to have him removed to some hospital, or to send or remove him to his home. They held several consultations and expressed their opinions about the case to Harold.

He could not leave the sick man—his love of humanity cried out against the act. Duty said take the sick man to the bosom of his family, so that he may die with those that are bound to him by the ties of nature.

A still small voice whispered no! no! better not return—go on your way—cast temptation from your way; again duty would break in, and at last conquered.

Manly visited the sick man several times, and used his influence for the good of both.

Alas! for the sequel of Mr. Bancroft's visit to Harold! Alas! alas! that he is destined to return to Jenny's side.

Alas! before they leave the city to again breathe the pure refreshing air of the country, two mournful death knells, sound far and near.

Alas! the Confederacy has fallen! Secession is dead! a mournful dirge sweeps from the old mother State, down through the Atlantic States, and meeting with that from both banks of the Mississippi, it swells into one wild wail, as it is carried around the Gulf, reverberating through every Southern heart, and burying itself in the mighty Pacific.

Alas! a few days more and another wail is borne upon the

the breeze—flashes along the wire—through every State, and thousands of hearts; and the poor down-trodden South is accused of the foul deed.

"President Lincoln is dead! Lincoln is killed! these words—this sad news struck the South with sorrow; and it was not a joyful sound to its already lacerated heart—for many, yes, many believed that Lincoln would have proved a real friend; and we can say with truth, that numbers who we heard speak of the sad affair, expressed heartfelt sorrow, and regretted the foul deed, and there is not a living soul could make us believe that the crime was committed through Southern animosity.

Alas! a sad week's history—*Alas! alas! alas!*



CHAPTER XIV.

There were sorely tempted—but not weak
Enough to fall in sinful path;
They loudly hear their conscience speak,
“Beware of Virtue’s deepest wrath!
Step e’en so lightly from the bound,
That e’er surrounds her sweet pure fame;
She resents at once with deepest wound,
And leaves a blot upon your name.”

AND now kind and indulgent reader, the war with its horrors has closed—so must our little story wind round and through its crooked course, and finally reach its end.

We know of many, very many, incidents of the late war, which, if written, would make a large volume; but as this little story is only connected with the lives and incidents relating to certain and particular personages, we can only write a short work, hoping that each and every one that peruses these pages will find *some* thought, or *word* expressed that will *please*.

And now that we are advancing toward the most particular, peculiar, and critical portion in the lives of our hero

and heroine, we must begin to plead for charity—for “charity covereth a multitude of sins,” both of commission and omission.

Mr. Bancroft and Harold have returned, and both are in the little brown cottage, and Jenny has kept her word, for we see beyond in the little field, row after row of shoots of young green corn, while her garden yields an abundance of fresh spring vegetables.

Mr. Bancroft appeared better with the prospect of getting home, but he is now again bed-ridden, and gradually passing away to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” yet

he often speaks of recovery, while Jenny speaks confidently to Harold of their plans for the future, when her husband has recovered; and they will have once more their own home, on their own plantation.

Often, too often are they alone, yet they are studiously polite toward each other. Jenny avoiding him as much as possible under the circumstances.

Whatever that cloud foretold, or threatened, that had shadowed his way on his last visit, it now seemed passing away.

Was Jenny his champion yet? Yes. Was the old doctor as staunch a friend as ever? Yes. For they both knew of the well thumbed bible found in the breast pocket of his coat, when he was wounded; both knew of a strange looking round hole, pierced with a ball or bullet; both saw and knew of the bloody stains upon its leaves; but neither of them questioned Harold—for both had their opinions.

He told but little of his life, spoke but little of himself, and, in fact, since his return seemed reserved and often constrained in his manner; he spoke daily of leaving, but Mr. Bancroft pleaded like a spoiled child for his company a little longer.

He had been in the family sometime, and Mr. Bancroft would appeal to him in every case where Jenny opposed him, and he invariably took the part of the invalid.

Eight days had elapsed, still Mr. Bancroft would not listen to his going. On this day he seemed unusually cross; and in the presence of Harold, called his wife "a fool" said "she was trying to kill him so as to get married again," and many other harsh and cruel words.

Harold's blood fairly boiled, but he brought his self-control into action, so said nothing—only tried to soothe the sick man.

On one occasion Jenny went away, leaving them alone, and when some hours after, Harold being in need of something for the use of the sick man, looked for, but could not find her—he called, but received no answer. It had now grown quite dark, and a drizzling rain had set in, causing all around to look dark and gloomy.

He could hear Maggie and the children laughing and romping in an adjoining room; he repeated the call, still no reply; he closed the door softly, and was making his way to where the children were playing; ah! what is that he sees? a white object crouched upon the ground under an old oak—that bends its venerable head almost to the ground, only a short distance from the house.

He approached softly; a heaving sob reached his ear; he laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder; she had not before heard him, or was even aware of his presence, but now she sprang to her feet, and stood facing him with scorn and anger depicted on every feature. He could not well see, but felt what her voice and manner plainly indicated.

"Go back!" she vehemently exclaimed, "go back! go back to your spoiled imbecile; let me be! I hate, I abhor the very sight of you! how dare you come back here, anyway—and to my home? Why didn't you let him die? Oh, I wish I was dead! I want to die! go back to him, I say!"

Oh Jenny, Jenny! take care; you have betrayed yourself; men are wicked creatures, Jenny, so they say, and Harold in particular. Do you not know that there are those who will not soil their *very* spotless garments, not to say their persons, by coming in contact with such as he. Ah, Jenny, beware!!!!

"Jenny; poor Jenny! You know not what you say! you know not what you do!" and to himself he added, "nor the temptation you place in my way." He continued, aloud, "Come, Jenny, come inside, you will catch your death cold and will die."

"Well, you won't care—and—

"Care, Jenny! Oh if you only knew."

"I don't want to know; let me be in peace, or I'll go and drown myself."

Harold caught her hands, held them firmly, and said almost sternly:

"Mrs. Bancroft, listen to me; don't try to pull away, now listen: As truly as I live, I go to-morrow; never to return, unless I am recalled by *you*; your husband is *sick*,

he is *calling* you at this very moment, I am sure, in fact, both of us. I am going to do *my* duty, Jenny," here he abruptly let go her hands, turned on his heel, and left her.

Well for them that prudence asserted her claims; for frail human nature was already taxed to its utmost limit, in its efforts to guard and shield its honor and the fidelity of the weeping heart-broken little woman, who so sorrowfully drove him from her presence, in her wounded pride and uncontrollable anger.

But the reaction—oh, the deep and piercing remorse! the haunting fear! the terrible faintness of the heart that crept chillingly o'er her, after his abrupt departure, and cool freezing manner.

She again cast herself upon the ground in deep abandon, while the clouds in sympathy, silently increased their tears, which came dropping, dripping, among the leaves, while the wind sighed more heavily, and bore on its breath a little angel who, in passing, caught up those sobs, and bore them on high, and there tuned them upon his harp strings with touching strains; he played to a pitying and loving God, who sent back a soothing influence to quiet and quell the overstrung nerves, and bewildered brain of one of his little children.

When Jenny returned to the house, Harold had retired to his room, and did not make his appearance again that evening.

What possessed the little fellow; unless it was the spirit of mischief or rather disobedience.

Charley had a little toy boat that Harold had given him; he and Lillie had been playing with it most of the day, sailing it in tubs of water, but now mischief, ever bent on creating trouble, whispered to them "that the river was the best place to sail so fine a craft." No sooner thought of than down they went, all blithe and gay, and it was Lillie's scream that brought Jenny flying to the water's edge, and "Charley, Charley, mamma!" screamed the child, "dare! dare! in ze water."

The poor distracted woman, with her long loose hair flying in the wind, resembled a maniac, as with arms uplifted, her white face turned toward the spot indicated by Lillie, was

about to spring into the water, when a pair of strong arms drew her forcibly back, and raising her quick as thought seated her upon the bank; saying:

"Darling, I will save your boy, or die in the attempt;" plunged head first into the water, going completely out of sight, but in a moment more came to the surface with the child in his arms, and struggled or swam safe to land—for the current was strong and it carried him considerably below where he entered the water.

Some minutes have elapsed in relating this exciting incident, which appeared an eternity to her, but which transpired in a few moments.

With a trembling hand and faltering step, he approached the mother who sat speechless, apparently dead to all around; he laid his light burden in her lap having previously ascertained that life was not extinct, and walked quietly away in the direction of the house, leaving the crowd that had now assembled to assist the mother to fan the flame of life, that had so nearly been extinguished by the relentless and cruel waters.

The young life was given back into the mother's keeping; it should be a lesson, for experience is a hard taskmaster, and teaches us many sorrowful lessons; yet how many persons unheed the warnings given until, alas! even experience fails to teach those cold, dreary, dead hearts, for they lie shrouded in gloom; and naught but despair left to bury the memories of their own willful neglect in an eternal past.





CHAPTER XV.

A fearful wreck, we now behold!
Was this a man, once young and brave?
Aye, till he to the demon sold
Himself forever, as a slave,
Alcohol, was his dreadful fate;
Ah! to tell; it makes us sad!
Remorse of conscience, came too late
For at length, it drove him mad.

THE house was filled with visitors most of the day, filing in and out; friendly interest the inducement to some, while mere curiosity led many to go and see, and then leave to criticise, and report to each other their thoughts and opinions.

Mr. Bancroft scolded and fretted, declared that the already punished child should be chastised; said Jenny was to blame, and much more; suffice it to say that she got into a passion once more, and was wicked enough to repeat, "that she wished she were dead," and that Harold had let both she and her boy drown.

Harold heard her. She did not know it, but little would she have cared at that moment.

The day had passed gloomily to him; while in the house he had kept his room entirely, since the night previous; he happened to be just entering the yard, when Lilly's scream, and Jenny's flying figure, arrested his attention.

He had taken breakfast with the doctor in town, where he had only gone to post a letter to Manly (who yet remained in New Orleans), and had refused dinner when called; so the only time that he had been near Jenny, or had spoken to her since he left her so abruptly, were those words so lovingly,

so tenderly, yet so passionately spoken—"darling, I will save your boy," etc.

But 'tis growing late; the sun is sinking behind bright red and golden tinted clouds. Evening, with her dewy mantle, is exhaling her cooling fragrance, and refreshing breath around, making all cool and pleasant, where before, was hot and sultry.

And while we take a ramble, enjoying the cool evening breeze, for it has been a warm day for Spring, we will pause and take a peep, sly it must be, into Harold's room.

See! he has been again writing; for there lie the materials—pen, ink and paper; but he does not seem to be writing now; his form is bent, his head is bowed and rests upon his folded arms.

Is he asleep? a heavy sigh testifies to the contrary. Is he sick? we should presume not; behold his small valise packed and placed on a chair at his side.

Is he weeping? turn away in scorn, you heartless ones; scoff at a man that has a heart to feel, and allows the tear-drop to fall to ease a bursting heart!

To-day, this very morning, the kind old doctor, in a long and confidential chat, had informed him, "that his name had been mixed with a scandalous report which had been circulated in the neighborhood some time previous; but of late, very little had been said about it, and many were convinced that there was no truth in the accusation.

Ah; it was then the British lion roared! It was then that the long pent up fires of righteous indignation burst their bounds. "It is false! false as the foul promulgator of such slander! a vile slander! Concerted plot to shield the sins of others at my expense. I have been generous, and now this generosity is the most condemning proof this slanderous clique can bring.

"So much for having unfortunately, through unforeseen circumstances, having to associate with those entirely beneath ones-self, receiving slight favors, and for which I duly compensated by much larger requitals, and by which they try to establish my identity in this disgraceful affair. It is false! why the very idea of such an assertion is an absurdity! but I

will not lower myself in my own esteem by a parade before the public, but will wait with patience, and a just God will in time punish such wicked fabricators, prove all, and establish my innocence.

"I might tell my suspicions, but that action itself would lower me, not only in my own esteem, but would also place me on an equality with slanderers."

The doctor taking Harold by the hand, said: I agree in all you say, but keep cool, Clinton; don't take it to heart so much, and consider the source, boy:—for though you have never told us, I know that you came from just as good, if not better stock, than the majority of these Louisianian high-flyers."

We left Harold weeping, but the soft evening breeze stole in gently and kissed his brow, and fanned his cheek; he arose, and almost whisperingly said:

"I must go to-night, for my sun is set, and all is dark; dark! just to think that my sweet and noble mother's favorite boy, whose lineage bears no stain, and even if I am second son, have a good patrimony. I say, just to think that I should visit this land, spill my blood in its cause, and for reward, receive so cruel a stab; pshaw! what matter? or who cares for the low born trash anyway? Ah, minister Robb, I can now understand your behavior; yet no true minister of the Gospel would have acted as you did; but thank God there are some human hearts left that follow the example of Him who died to save all;" here putting his hand into his breast-pocket, he pulled out what had once been a handsome pocket-bible, but he immediately replaced it saying in a mournful tone—"Yes, Jenny, it must be *farewell* and *to-night*."

The tea bell rang, he left his room and joined those of the family that were at table, but where was Jenny, he thought. He was reserved and moody; talked little and made no enquiries, and on his leaving the table met her in the hall, coming from the bedside of her husband, who had been unmerciful in his accusations, calling her outrageous names, etc., so like a haunted deer she bounded away to seek refuge in some secret

hidden recess, when she nearly precipitated herself against Harold, and the words burst forth in agonizing tones:

"Oh, why didn't you let me and my boy drown?" and he answered aloud, so that any one might hear—

"So, that is the thanks you give me, Mrs. Bancroft," but he silently reached out, and placed a small piece of paper in her hand, which she clutched eagerly and darted away.

He then entered Mr. Bancroft's room, looked upon those shrunken features, and informed him that he intended to go out that evening and did not think he would return again.

Mr. Bancroft thanked him for his kind attention as well as he could in his half demented state; told him that "Jenny was a good girl, but had no heart." Harold felt inclined to pitch the man out of the window, but restrained his anger, and as soon as Jenny appeared, he arose to leave, she said—"don't go," but he only looked at her, bade the invalid good bye, and started to leave the room.

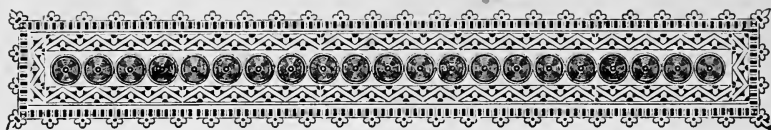
"Oh! Mr. Clinton, believe me, I am not ungrateful; please don't go;" she extended her hand which he instantly clasped, perhaps a little too tenderly, for it was evident the sick husband thought so—for as he watched their movements he smiled most hideously, but which she failed to see, for as Harold went out she turned nervously toward the bureau, while her husband still watched her moving here and there and to hide her conflicting feelings, apparently busy in putting things to rights, when again in lifting a glass it fell to the floor and was broken in many pieces.

In a moment Harold had stepped into his room—again left it, and went out, closing the front door after him—or he might have heard the noise and been alarmed at the sound of the broken glass, and the mocking laugh of the sick man—as Jenny, horror stricken, fell fainting to the floor.

But, oh! that horrible laugh! It roused her from her stupor; and the sound almost curdled the blood within her veins; but the children all came running in, and their affrighted faces brought back the courage she was fast losing, and she spoke to them, telling of the accident, and requesting their assistance in gathering up the broken pieces.

Mr. Bancroft demanded of Maggie his vial of medicine, gave to himself a dose that soon sent him into the land of slumber, but not for long, for the demons would not let him rest, they were growing more fierce in their demands of the stewardship he was to render, and at last they asserted themselves, and he was sane no more.





CHAPTER XVI.

“Pity,” softens the human heart,
“And is akin to Love;”
And God is Love Supreme;
Thus “Pity” is akin to God.
Pity is distilled from angels’ tears,
Caught up for suffering mortals;
Its soothing balm, soothes our fears;
And opens Heaven’s bright portals.

THE crisis is approaching. You who fondly love, have pity! ye who in the future may love, have pity! also ye who have buried in the cold, cold grave, your dearest and warmest soul’s affection, have pity! and ye that can find no joys, only in memory dear, have pity! and to those who weep in sorrow at the loss of some dear friend, have pity!

And ye who scorn and mock at the flowery links of love, and who laugh at and ridicule your fellow man, have mercy!

For Pity pleads
In sorest needs,
And begs you to have mercy.

To old and young, maid, wife, or widow; to husband, son, father, brother, we appeal and intercede; asking all to turn the mind’s eye inwardly, and take a survey of your own hearts; review your past by the aid of your neighbor’s microscope; peep into every crevice, and there you will find lying dormant forgotten feeling, and you can then trace every outline, and the secret cause of each wrinkle and furrow on your own brow.

Cruel compassionless hearts! ah ye scornful ones beware! each of you may yet need your neighbor’s better memory to point to the skeleton in your own closets; none can read the

future or scan its pages, and cannot tell upon which one there may be already written opposite their own infallible name, “Fallen.”

Troubles may arise, misfortunes may lead you toward the path where all seems fair and bright, and where the soft voiced violet is wooing you on; and yet there may be a precipice in advance; or they may lead you to some sunken rock, hidden by a smooth flowing tide, or into an artful snare or trap, so completely hid, that you were unaware and totally unconscious of its existence, until alas! like a hideous serpent it suddenly reveals itself, unwinds its coils, and you are entrapped.

Fallen, you are trampled by the world. Fallen, you are scorned by your neighbors. Fallen, the rabble shout their derisive scorn, forgetting their own failings, and all blind to the skeleton that hangs over their own heartstone, or within their closets; and over which a gossamer veil hangs, but ill conceals its hideous presence.

You may be beaten upon the rocks, shattered and bruised; you may be wooed by the soft-voiced violets—until you are precipitated over the precipice into the abyss, or dashed upon the rocks below; yet death would be preferable to life, the endless unknown world, viewed as a haven of rest and peace, to meet the face of a just and compassionate God, rather than *that of relentless cold-hearted man.*

“God knows the secrets of all hearts,” their temptations and their fierce struggles; also the seductive influences and soft alluring smiles in which the serpent lies concealed.

The serpent tempted Eve, she tempted Adam, so both fell; and the evil effects of “The Fall” has descended through all the generations of Adam’s race or posterity to the present; and there are still fallen Eves, tempting honorable men to their downfall and disgrace. This assertion is verified daily; yes, intelligent readers; look at it as we may, we find that when women fall, in most cases they are willing victims; and such are many cases within my knowledge; so I assert, unhesitatingly assert, that they are the soft-voiced violets, the hidden rocks that often lure good men to ruin.

I might go still farther, and speak yet plainer; but would not sully these pages with the slightest word to cause a blush of shame to o'erspread the purest of our fair sisters' bright innocent faces, or, that would invoke the spirit of condemnation from those of mature years.

"God knows the secrets of all hearts." His all-searching eye reaches into their deepest depravity and duplicity; and balances those deformities by their opposites or contrasts—Purity and Innocence.

With all, Jenny June, with her heart-breaking trials, and sorely puzzled brain, was yet in many respects a mere child, scarcely twenty-two years of age.

She was a passionate, warm-hearted daughter of the Sunny South; yet we find no guile within that aching heart, no stain upon that oft despairing soul.

Let us go back, and watch her with a jealous eye—her actions after Harold gave her that scrap of paper.

Do not say, false woman! how dare you blush? as the bright crimson stream darts through every vein of her body, settling in two bright hectic spots on each cheek, as she grasps the note.

She speedily enters a far off room; a dim light is burning; she bolts the door to secure herself from intrusion; then falls tremblingly upon her knees—and an agonizing appeal is borne upward, until it lays at the feet of her God.

HE looks down with an eye of pity—fathoms every depth of her loving nature—beams a heavenly smile, that again soothes every fibre of that aching heart and convulsed frame; but listen:—

"Oh, Heavenly Father, have mercy! Show pity Lord! Pity to your wayward wicked child. Oh, give me strength to live; but I do want to die, I am so tired—tired, Father! Sweet Mother in Heaven, ask the dear Lord to let you stay by me, then I may be stronger:—Oh, my angel mother! my sweet, pure Mother! help your child!" A simple childish prayer—an orphan's cry. What matter? Its very simplicity touched the heart of Him to whom it was addressed—reached the ears of that Father who hath said:—

"Come unto me all that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and, "unless ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

There are holy angels around her, while she reads; reads, while still on bended knees.

Only a few words in the note, a few pleadings and an only request—one last favor; can she resist? The crisis has come! watch, for the time draws nigh!

She reads—then places both hands convulsively to her heart—while her head droops upon the bed, and she remains for a few moments as if perfectly unconscious.

Watch with the angels as she reads a second time. No date—no address—no signature, only a few lines, nothing more. Read while the angels read.

"Forgive me, but I must ask one *last* favor, or, if you dispute that right—*demand* it in return for the life of your child. I leave in the morning positively. Know then, that there will be one lone watcher down among the arbor vines, waiting to say *farewell*; *alone*, it must be; with only God to witness our parting. Remember! I shall be there, even till the morn, waiting; then—*farewell forever*.

No name, no address, no signature.

She kissed the note passionately, then quickly hid her face, as if afraid that the inanimate objects around might read what was so plainly depicted thereon.

The crisis has come, watch it to the end.

We have already related what happened on her return to her husband's room; but at last quiet reigns. The invalid slumbered heavily, with a strange look on his pallid features; the children had been nervous and excited, but at last fatigue lent its influence in wooing their little bodies to repose; for drowsy sleep came stealing gently o'er their innocent little minds and at last they lay dreaming in the arms of Morpheus.

Maggie too, had been unusually excited and full of gossip; but at last she grew tired of Jenny's society, and sought also her pillow—to dream of the future—a handsome young fellow in his faultless suit of *blue*.

The oil in the night-lamp is burning low ; a hush is falling on all around.

A mocking bird now and then twitters, then trills a few sweet notes as he perches on a branch, snuffing the white orange blossoms, that are still striving to lend their fragrance, or inspire with their beauty, the passing breeze and scene around.

What a lesson this little songster imparts to those that would trouble themselves to receive instruction from so humble a source ; humble or not, he has a power in his voice that man cannot excel ; a tiny little creature, but withal must have a heart, if not larger in size, is surely far more deeply filled with a warmth of true devotion and fidelity.

He has only instinct to guide him through the vale, to teach him to shun evil companions, and those who would rob him of his life-blood, or imprison the glorious gifts that God bestowed upon him. He has only instinct to teach him the true devotion that is justly due to his mate, and he guards her with fidelity, while she sits within the nest sleeping with one eye open, not only watching her liege lord, but catching the humming mosquitoes or the brilliant fire-fly to assist in feeding the ever open mouths of her hungry little fledglings, on which she is sitting to protect from the cold.

Her mate has no judgment or reason, yet he is fidelity itself ; and will not bring another bird to his nest to tempt her affection, or steal away his happiness, but he twitters and sings, for his is a life of joy, marred by no foul deeds or wicked thoughts.

The sick man lay dreaming of devils, held tight in the arms of his own direful imaginations, and evil doings.

Another, is waiting in the cold and damp, "even until morning."

"What must I do? it is wrong! but then he saved my child ; and it is only to say *farewell*."

"Yes, I will go! poor fellow! he is waiting." She goes as far as the little portico, which is now filled with the climbing multifloras, but hastily retraces her steps.

"Oh I *must* not go! I *dare* not go! but then I'll never see him again."

She returns to her husband's room, he appears to be fast asleep; visits her children, who seem to be in the land of bright visions. She kisses them. Charley moves and whispers softly the name of Harold.

Ah! *now* she can resist no longer; her boy speaks for him; no more indecision, no more question of right or wrong; but softly—softly down the steps—across the garden path, then—

A dark motionless shadow some distance down the long aisle of the arbor; as she approaches, it springs into life, moves rapidly toward her, and clasps convulsively her extended hands as she stopped trembling and sobbing.

"Darling!" was again the endearing, the only word that escaped those compressed lips, and that in a soft musical but thrilling tone.

The silent stars peeped through the painted lattice-work and the bright twinkle of their brilliant orbs, shot forth a brighter twinkle still; while the gentle tear-drops from Night's soft dark eyes, falls upon the sympathetic vines that spread their protecting arms around, to shield and obscure from sight of man, that pitiful, and to unrighteous judge, disgraceful scene; but her guardian angel looked up to God who smiled backed, gently lifting a warning finger, motioned that "all was well."

The crisis has arrived. That ravaging disease that physicians cannot cure—Love—often an *ignis-fatuus*; a Will-o'-wisp that lures on, in search of the golden sands that sprinkle the way, while brightly gleaming ahead in Love's young dream in letters of gold—Eureka! Eureka. Alas! when found it may sadly prove that it is "not all gold that glitters." Then search along a little further and you may find the sweet hope, or "Balm of Gilead," which may assist to cure or ease your pain until the final setting of your Sun.

"Darling, I thought you would never come! The night hath seemed very, very long. I was afraid you lacked faith, and would not trust me."

"Oh, what shall I do? What will *you* think of me, Harold?"

"What will I think? What do I think of you darling, now? why that you are an angel, and mine! and do, Jenny love? Oh! what *shall* we do? we belong to each other, then come with me love—let us fly to the other side of the world."

She quickly and forcibly withdrew her hands, and staggering would have fallen to the ground, had not the horror-stricken tumult within herself, given her strength, and she exclaimed in withering contempt:

"Begone, Harold Clinton! I am basely deceived! My God! how I trusted this man! Would you, sir, stoop to murder! Would you go down into the depths of sin, and drag me with you? for it would be murder to quench the last remaining spark of comfort left me by despair—that of my hope of Heaven," and pointing upward—she continued:

"Ask God to forgive you. Go and leave me to die."

The crisis is passing by—the stars are laughing yet—the angel sighs in relief, while God with a pleased smile looks down.

"Oh Jenny, Jenny! in God's name forgive me, I was wild! I was mad! but say Jenny that you love me, and I will go from your sight; say one kind word Jenny love."

She motioned him away, but he clasped her hands, again, voluntarily slid down on his knees before her, and in most tender and respectful tones, exclaimed:

"Jenny *once* more, and on my knees, I humbly and before God, ask your pardon. Never before did I, nor will I *ever* again bend my knee to any, only to my God, my beloved, only to my God. See Jenny, it can be no bad man, that has never parted with the bible given him by a loving mother; and see darling, the faded flowers you gave me the evening your house burnt.

"Oh, Jenny, I was mad; but my mighty love forced those dreadful words from my lips. Trust me again darling, and I will *only* be your *faithful slave*. One forgiving word and I *will go*. Speak, Jenny; or are you dead to all feelings of compassion?"

She had unclasped her hand, again found her voice :

"Go and leave me in peace, Harold Clinton ; I was crazy to disbelieve *that*, which you must fail to remember. Go ! Go !"

He staggered to his feet, but his dormant pride flashed forth—his anger was aroused—a bitter mocking laugh rang on the still night air ; he advanced a few steps intending to leave her presence without another word ; but no, he *must* speak yet *once* again.

"Never, *never* again will I believe in the tender mercies or forgiving spirit of *woman*. If *I*, in my desperate love for you, said that, for which I would give worlds to recall, and on my knees asked forgiveness, you have in your stubborn pride stabbed me to the heart ; my fault was grievous ; yours, cruel, cruel. We are quits now Mrs. Bancroft, and when you hear of my life and my fate from this night, remember, that you sent me to *ruin* and despair. *Farewell!* cruel, *cruel woman.*"

He turned and was gone ; his steps sound outside on the gravel walk like a death knell to all hopes ; it crushed upon her brain ! she grew wild—frantic ! she could not endure the maddening pain ! *she* was now a murderess ! murdering her own feelings—murdering the better impulses of one of God's repentant souls ; and with an agonizing appeal that thrilled to the heart's core of his very being, she sprang quickly to his side—

"Don't go, Harold, love ! don't go yet ! I will die for you ! poor boy ! poor Harold !"

He stood motionless one moment—the revulsion of feeling was so sudden ; then involuntarily raised his eyes upward, and swept in one flashing glance the glorious heavens—then for one moment he pressed her to his heart—kissed her passionately—and as quickly let her go !!!

"Who has conquered?" whispered the rustling leaves—Man ! said the frolicsome breeze—Woman ! whispered the soft moonbeams—Love ! sang the mocking bird ; who had been a silent spectator of this scene of our little drama.

Yet little did they dream that a pair of human fierce glaring eyes were feasting upon them as well.



CHAPTER XVII.

For weal or woe these oaths are given!
Seal'd, by angels tears of pity;
Witness'd, by the hosts of Heaven
Recorded, in the Eternal City.

THE silvery and subdued light of the moon threw a soft halo upon surrounding objects, and her bewitching influence was felt by all that were under her mild and gentle power. The stars are not laughing now. The soft-eyed dew sprinkles all around with its tears, and the evening breeze moans and sobs in sympathy: while her guardian angel looks up in *dismay*; yet again God smiled, only a little *stern*, but still motioned, that, "ALL WAS WELL."

"Let us return and sit down, Jenny! you are weary and tired out little woman! lean upon me darling, you can trust me *now*, poor child. Poor child! there, sit down."

Poor little caged bird! No use to flap your plumed wings. The Inevitable has woven its insurmountable links around you, and you may beat against the bars, and flutter your life away; but never again, until Time has developed, will he remove the bars and give you liberty. Only the "Father" can comfort *such* a one.

"Jenny, dear, you are the only woman I have ever loved; but let us bury the past, and think in true, sober earnest of the future. Do you know, Jenny, that it is more than probable that your husband is fast sinking into his grave?" She shuddered, but made no reply. "Shall I tell you what the physician said? Do you think you have strength to bear it, Jenny?"

"Yes, tell me; tell me quick!"

"It may be worse than you surmise or imagine; it may be that he may—live. Shall I tell you, darling?"

"Harold! Why torture me? What do you mean?"

"Poor Jenny! the whole of your husband's organic system is diseased, and he may die soon; but worse—far worse is the mind; that is not only diseased, but is weakening daily, and is now almost, if not entirely destroyed; he may live for months, perhaps for years; but oh, Jenny, he may be——"

"What! what! Harold?"

"A lunatic, darling."

She was stunned! she staggered, and would have fallen, had he not reached forth and drew her to his side.

"Look up Jenny; be strong. I did not tell you this to wound you, but out of love, darling; it is far best that you know the worst at once, and prepare for any emergency. You must not live alone Jenny, without some protection. Try and persuade those two young men that work your garden and field, to come and live in the house, they will protect you; they are steady good boys, and if not over-refined, have good hearts; and it is not society you need, so much as protection. I have remained longer than I ought, for that *very reason*; but I *must* go, love; *prudence* has raised a warning finger. I cannot tamely stand by and see you suffering; and the knowledge of our feelings toward each other, will condemn us in the eyes of the world. We cannot live as we are now, under the same roof; in fact, we ought never to meet again, until I can with honor offer you my protection—and you can, without a blush for yourself and children, receive it."

"Go, Harold! Please go!"

"Not so fast, love; some day I shall claim you as my own. Say, love, Jenny love, my only love; shall I come for you the very day—the very hour that you are free? Will you then be mine—mine only, to eternity? Look up, Jenny. Oh, cruel fate that divides us! Nothing shall keep you from me." He was getting excited.

"Come, Jenny, let us seal the compact! you have not answered—darling, shall I go now?"

"No! no, Harold! I am stunned and conscience stricken. Poor Dick! and just to think I get so cross with him,"—she starts to leave him—"Let me go to him, even now, he may be dying."

"Leave me now without some pledge, Jenny, and never, never again will you behold my face—or hear from me—never! never!"

He was greatly excited now, and terribly in earnest: as pale as death; while his eyes fairly blazed with a fierce light.

She looked back—"Don't say that, Harold, or I shall die."

"So shall I; if you don't give me something to live upon; to dream upon in the future; but go! go on! never mind me!"—and he turned aside.

"Oh! I will say anything, Harold! What must I say?"

"Well love, come here."

Both shook like aspens; their hands were icy cold;—their brains swam;—their blood surged through their veins like molten lava.

"Right here, Jenny; now give me your hand. Come this way; where the silvery gleams of the lover's friend, can witness our compact, signed and sealed. What will you promise, Jenny?"

"Anything, Harold; anything!" she was getting very frightened at his solemn manner, his strange behavior.

"Come then, love; kneel with me; and let us look up to God, and in His presence, alone, let us bind ourselves with an everlasting oath. Kneel with me, love; now my own! If never on this earth, in heaven you will be mine. Here is my bible; a mother's gift; ah, she is a noble woman! but proud! proud!"

"And now with my right hand on the Holy-Book; my left upon my heart, my eyes looking up to God, appealing for forgiveness and intercession; I swear—yes, swear; that no other woman on earth, or in heaven, shall ever feel the touch of my lips, or be enfolded within these arms—not even for one moment—but my dear mother, and you, my darling. And if I ever break this oath, which is binding before God, may He put upon me every disgrace and torture that wicked men ever suffer. Moreover, I swear; that no matter *where* I am, if on the other side of the earth, or dead, yes, *dead*, Jenny; if you send for me, or call me, I will come, and, if alive, be

your slave forever ; if dead, will watch and guard you, until you come to me ; then we shall be all in all to each other."

She was frightened, terrified, almost senseless ; but she had now found a WILL, that completely and surely controlled her own—her master—and she could do nothing but what he dictated.

"Now, darling ; your part of the contract."

"Wasn't he mad?" thought she, as nervous spasms convulsed her frame.

"Come, Jenny, your oath. Mine has already been caught up by the angels—taken and registered in that great book—God's day book. Yours must not be behind, sweet love."

"Swear that, when the dividing link is broken, you will be mine. That from now, and for ever no man, other than myself, shall embrace you ; no kiss, other than mine, or your children, shall touch those sweet lips—they are sacred now—and that you will send for me after it has pleased God to remove from our pathway, the obstacle to our *honorable* meetings, and legal union of our famished hearts. Swear, Jenny, on this bible."

"I swear ! Harold ; that it shall be as you say ; let me go now, to poor Dick ; he may need me."

"In one minute love ;—we have both sworn :—The Two OATHS" are registered before High Heaven, and in presence of all the assembled hosts, that are forever before the Great White Throne.

I must leave you darling, but every day after sunset ever look out, and if the skies are clear, seek the bright evening star and send or waft a loving message, and I will do the same. Never miss doing it darling, for I shall be waiting and watching, and will return the message, love. If the evening is cloudy, and no stars are to be seen, let us both again kneel in solitude and renew our oaths. You shall hear from me often, and when you bid me come, I'll hasten.

"Arise Jenny !" He almost pressed out the little life that was in her body, by a long and impassioned embrace ; their lips seemed cemented, never to be parted—as he lifted her in his strong arms, and carried her toward the house ;

but at last—and with a whisper—as he placed her on the steps, said :—

"Darling, Farewell! *Farewell!* and may God forever bless you."

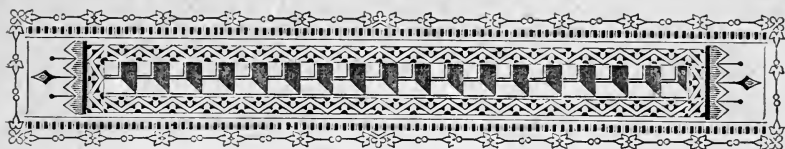
Gone! gone! gone down the [walk from her gaze. She totters, and falls over, on the cold hard steps in a death-like swoon; at the same moment, a dark cloud hid the friendly moon.

The angel had winged her way to Heaven, but God said to her, "go back, and guard my sinful child. Forsake her not! She has done naught to anger me. 'Tis a weak reed and must be strengthened."

"Go back! the end is not yet. Hasten! for your presence is sorely needed. She hath overcome evil—but not yet can she wander alone 'mid the dangers of earth.

"Go back! the end is not yet. Take with you physical strength and endow her anew, for the time draws near—when the beast will crave the blood of its offspring, and the lioness battle for its young. But the end is not yet." Go back.





CHAPTER XVIII.

“Help! Help!” rang shrill on the night air;
Was shrieked in anguish wild;
“Help! Help!” the cry of deep despair
“Oh save my darling child!”

WHAT is it? What is that hideous looking white object that raises its white arms aloft—dancing and whirling around—that darts toward Jenny? It rudely shakes her; gives her fallen hair a sudden twist that nearly tears its roots; also tearing her flesh with its long finger nails, bringing the blood, which ran down her arms, trickling through the thin muslin covering, and fell drop-by-drop upon the white scoured steps.

The extreme bodily pain must have succumbed to mental anguish, for she began to show signs of life; and this caused the tall, white object to caper more vehemently than ever.

“Ha, ha, ha! lady love! snow flake! snow flake! you’ve got blood! blood! I want blood! more blood yet! ah! you wake. I’ll wake you, if you *are* dead! dead! ha, ha! That boy did it! Yes, that boy did it! got drowned, eh? Yes, I’ll have his blood! blood! My child? No! Did’n’t he spit in my face? Blood! Look, I’ll have his blood! I’ll have his—HA, HA, HA, HA!”

It sprang up the steps and disappeared in the house.

Those last words uttered by the raving maniac, roused the mother in the half dead woman’s breast—she had been almost changed to stone from the fearful fright and excruciating pain, yet had lived through it all. But all had been a blank without one scratch to mark the past, and it was not until she heard those *last* words, that all her mother nature was centered in one smothered exclamation, my child! my child! as a

dreadful thought flashed through her now reviving, troubled and naturally quick brain. Self or self preservation was not now thought of, and although, apparently too weak to move—Instinct—Love, and her child's safety, gave renewed strength to her nearly worn out frame; faintness was swept away, and the strength of a lioness was hers for the time being, to battle with life a little longer, and to brave a raving maniac; to protect the life of her darling boy. She gave one piercing shriek, that fell on the ears of *more than one*, and followed the maniac who had in his violent rage and madness, made sad havoc with her darling boy's rocking horse that stood in the little hall. He was now passing into the room where lay her two children, Lillie and Charley, seeking their blood, his own, that went surging through their young veins.

Somewhere he had picked up a knife, and which (when she entered the room) he was brandishing above the heads of the little sleepers, grinning and shrieking like a demon. Jenny sprang upon him like a tigress, and tried to wrench the knife from his grasp. He howled like a wild animal at bay, while Jenny screamed again and again, as she clutched the knife, and with a strength and dexterity unsurpassed, she managed to loose his hold of it, and sent it whirling through the only window of the room, which had been left open to give ventilation.

The children, now awakened, were screaming in terror, Meg had rushed in, realizing the situation, also screamed, in her awful fright for, "help! help!" yet offering no assistance to the agonized mother, who was still battling for her boy.

No sooner had Jenny loosed the knife from the grasp of the maniac, than, he suddenly pushing her aside, made a spring and caught her brave little boy, who had sprang out of bed, saying:

"You old thing—you shan't fight my Mamma" and had taken a large walking stick that stood in one corner of the room, and was now advancing to the rescue. But at that moment, his father who was now raging and frenzied at losing the knife seized him by the right leg, and in his mad

strength, swung him round by it, as though he intended to dash out his brains against the wall.

New strength was given to Jenny, and she tried to bear the strong and powerful man to the floor, while the little fellow screamed with pain.

“He is killing me Mamma! Mamma! oh, my leg, my leg!”

“Harold! Harold! my God! why don’t you come?”

“I am here, Jenny, and I pray God in time.”

The poor woman caught one glimpse of the tall form. His voice rang in her ears, and she sank down, down; and lay in one dead heap upon the floor.

Harold had heard. Harold had come.

But the fury of the madman was not diminished at sight of Harold, he dropped the child at once, and rushed upon our hero, screaming “blood! blood!” and the two tall forms at once closed. A desperate struggle ensued—a desperate trial of strength—both swaying backward and forward like a ship in a gale. But other parties come upon the scene. Two butchers that were passing in going to market had heard the screams and came in to see what was going on. Also a chunky grey-whiskered kindly visaged old man in an old fashioned gig, and old-time saddlebags, saw the butchers stop their wagons, and go in, and he followed, hastening, as he heard the strange noises on nearing the house. And so there were three others upon the stage.

The two butchers with their gleaming knives stuck in their leathern belts seemed to terrify the madman, and a new freak seized him. Harold had called for a rope to bind him, but he, still crying for “blood! blood!” jerked suddenly away, and would have sprang out of the window; but he was again caught by Harold; and it took the united strength of the three men to hold him, and bind his arms and legs.

The doctor—for it was he—no sooner entered the room, than he espied Jenny lying on the floor, apparently dead; and little Charley also on the floor, moaning in agony, while bitter tears rolled down his pale cheeks.

Lillian sat upright on the bed, but every bit of life seemed

to have left her little body also. Maggie was crying, wringing her hands, and trying to soothe Charley; also, trying to bring Jenny back to life; all spasmodically, or in turn.

"What shall we do with him, Mr. Clinton?" asked one of the butchers.

"Tie him to the bed-post," and he turned his attention to Jenny and Charley.

"Let me take her to another room, doctor. I will carry her. Can you bring little Charley?"

"Yes; get her out of this for God's sake."

Even the good old doctor, usually so glib of tongue, was not only touched but horror-stricken.

"Come, my little man," said he tenderly to Charley, "we will take you to another room, where there is more air and better light.

"Oh, my leg!" screamed the poor little fellow, as the doctor lifted him carefully.

Harold led the way to the room that had been his, and placed Jenny upon the bed, then quickly lit the lamp. The doctor followed with her boy, who still pitiously cried: "oh, my leg!"

After a little time Jenny opened her eyes, but for the present her reason had fled; poor strained human being had given way, and she lay like some wilted flower blighted by cruel storms, and piercing blasts.

Yes, Mr. Bancroft was a raving maniac, and had been near killing his child, also his wife, while she in her desperate endeavors was striving to shield her darling boy.

Poor little Charley! How he suffered! The doctor examined his leg, and found it dislocated at the knee joint—terribly bruised, and ugly scratches made by the long finger nails was perceptible; while it was swelling fast.

The doctor, Harold and Maggie worked hard and faithful toward both sufferers; one or two particular friends were dispatched for, and came readily. Lillian was discovered to have a high fever, caused from fright and exposure—so said the doctor.

Ah! what a sad household! Other physicians were called

in to consult with Jenny's kind old friend. They announced that there were little hopes of Jenny's recovery; and, that poor little Charley—the brave little curly headed darling, would, more than probable, be a cripple for life.

Harold, strong man as he was, could not but shed tears, when he noted the little sufferer's courage, and his oft expressed desire "to do something for mamma."

Both lie in the same room, for the brave little fellow begged "to stay close to mamma, he would not make any noise."

Jenny still breathed, and Harold continued to hope. During her sickness, it was a noticeable fact and commented upon, that no matter who offered her a glass goblet or tumbler, whatever it contained, she would not touch it; but grew more restless, and frequently went into a rambling medley—mixing in a heterogeneous manner—many of the words and incidents of that eventful and never to be forgotten day and night.

The day had been very warm, the windows all open to allow full and free ventilation and plenty of fresh air. Jenny slumbered quietly most of the day. The old doctor was constant in his attentions, in fact, he spent most of his spare time with his 'daughter,' as he often called Jenny. To-day he was seen to smile, and he looked up brightly as Harold came to the bedside, and said: "She seems better, I think, and the little fellow too; and both seem quiet."

"Yes, doctor; I think so too! and thank God; but don't you think that, that band of music will disturb them?"

"No, I guess not. I would like to be with her at that particular moment, but cannot, for I haven't been to see Mr. Watkins to-day, and he sent for me just now; but I know Harold that when that boat comes by with its living freight of blue-coats and our poor, poor boys; all the women folks will be on their heads; so that, I give my strict orders that you remain in the room, in case there should be a reaction. Do you hear Mrs. Miller? it is my order, that this young friend of mine remain in the room, when of all that hurly-burly is at hand—and going past."

"Certainly, doctor; if it is your orders—but—"

"Never mind the butts, or barrels either, madam. You can stay by too, for propriety's sake, for I know what you intended to say. Good afternoon madam, I'll be back in two or three hours."

Mrs. Miller was a widow lady who had voluntarily chosen to be Jenny's nurse. Fair, fat and forty "is the old saying, but she was fair, fat and only thirty, so she said, while her most intimate friend another lady who was but a young maiden of thirty-five—declared, that "Agnes was at least five years older than she was"—she would say: "Why just look at those 'children of her's, they are proof enough."

Mrs. Miller had several times in the doctor's presence, also to others, spoke of the impropriety of Harold's visit to the sick chamber.

Little did the old doctor care; he understood the position of affairs. He and Harold had had many confidential chats, and he, of all the wise people of that little burg and its suburbs, knew what, and whom the young man was, that wore the shabby gray.

The boat came in view, swiftly gliding o'er the dancing waves, the band struck up "Home Sweet Home," and the music, soft, low and sweet, swells upon the air, and is carried by gentle zephyrs to the ears of Jenny.

She opens her eyes, and whispers—"beautiful"—recognizes Harold, and again whispers—"Have the angels come again Harold, for our oaths?"

Fortunately they were at that moment alone, with the exception of her crippled child, who too, had awakened, and appeared enchanted at the music, and at hearing his mother's voice once more.

Harold bent close to her and replied: "No darling it is a boat with a band of music, and a pleasure party, Drink this darling."

Mrs. Miller could not resist, her curiosity having gained the upper hand of propriety—so that she went to take "just one peep"—but her one peep lasted several minutes.

Jenny drank what Harold gave, and although he partly raised her to drink it, she did not seem to be so debilitated

or weak as might have been expected. He had been careful to offer a pretty silver cup from which to drink, and she cast her eyes with a strange eager look upon it.

"It is little Charley's, Jenny, isn't it pretty?"

"Yes. Charley, Charley; where is Charley? Oh, I know now!" and she put up her hands to her face.

"Here I am mamma; your little Charley is here."

She looked eagerly in the direction where her boy lay. At that moment Mrs. Miller came fluttering in, and her surprise was great as she noted the change of affairs—since she went out.

"Miss Agnes, why don't Charley come here?"

"Oh, Jenny! don't you know he ——" a warning look from Harold, as he said:

"Don't talk too much Mrs. Bancroft, you will make yourself sick; try to rest awhile; your kind old doctor will be back presently."

She looked at him enquiringly. The band struck up the "Bonnie Blue Flag," she listened and smiled—it also played "Hail Columbia,"—she did not smile then—but turned over and sighed.

A few moments more passed, and Mrs. Miller bent over her to see if she were again sleeping, but, no! she was silently crying—giving vent to her overcharged feelings—large tear drops wended their way down her pale face—no sobs, no sound, but a gentle overflowing of a bursting heart.

"Don't Jenny, you must not cry; you have been right sick, but will soon be well now."

"I think she will be better after those tears madam, and it is my advice you let her alone for a few minutes, and she will gradually recover her entire faculties; all will be revealed to her by her own memory, and there will be no jar upon her present debilitated system."

Thus whispered Harold to Mrs. Miller.

"Are you a physician, Mr. Clinton?" inquired she in her natural tone of voice.

"I have practiced some little madam, and Doctor Grumble being aware of the fact, has placed implicit confidence in me,

and we have consulted frequently ; therefore, madam, as Mrs. Bancroft's physician, have I used the privilege of showing my presence, where you seem to think it in most unwarrantable taste and improper ;" this was said loudly, or in his natural tone.

"Excuse me, Mr. Clinton, Doctor, I suppose I should say."

"No, madam ! simply Mr. Clinton, if you please, and now madam, as you understand the true position of affairs, you will greatly oblige me, and for the friendship you profess toward your sick friend here, if you will take the trouble to explain to the very curious, and those that are ever eager to make "a mountain out of a mole hill." I would advise that some light nourishment be given to my patient immediately."

"What shall I get Mr. Clinton?"

"Stay, I will call Maggie and give her the proper directions, and bring Lillie to see her mother."

"Lillie is asleep in the next room, and Maggie has gone to town. Don't you remember that her Yankee beau is on the boat?"

"Ah, I had forgotten ! well prepare a little gruel or something very light, and which you can get ready in the shortest time."

Mrs. Miller again left the room. Harold went to his own room, but soon returned with a piece of ice and a bottle, labeled "Fine Old Port ;" he opened it ; made a sangaree in the silver cup, and took it to the bedside of Jenny. Bending over her, he said persuasively, "Jenny, dear friend, drink some of this for Harold." Again she looked at him, but this time smiled—smiled through the tears that still bedewed her cheek, as she raised slightly and reached for the cup, and ere she drank she whispered : "And so you are my physician, Harold?"

"Yes, Jenny, darling ; but don't ask questions yet. You must eat and drink, and be strengthened. I will bring Lillie to you presently. Your little Charley is not very well to-day, and has gone to sleep again, we must not wake him."

She drank a little of the sangaree, lay down again, and was

soon asleep. Mrs. Miller returned in a little while afterward and found both Jenny and Charley asleep, and Harold stupidly poring over a book; while he lazily passed a fan back and forth, as though the motions he made with it, would cool the atmosphere of the whole room.

And Mr. Bancroft was quiet this evening. The drowsy influence of the atmosphere must have had its effects upon him, or nature could stand no more, for he slept after many days and nights of constant raving, cursing, and breaking of everything within his reach; food he had not tasted since the day before, when Harold ordered his keepers (the two young men before mentioned), as an experiment, to lock him up entirely alone, and leave within his reach a large roast of beef, with bread and a tin can of water; also to free his hands, but to keep a strict watch through the keyhole that he might not do himself an injury. The ruse succeeded admirably. He no sooner found his hands untied, and himself alone, than the cunning of lunacy began to assert itself. He untied the cords that bound him to the bed after much exertion. It seemed astonishing to those two young men, that he showed such skill and dexterity; they never having experienced or seen the like before, also imagining that he must have been nearly dead from starvation. One of them immediately reported to Harold and his order was still to "let him alone, only watch him carefully."

After feeling himself free, the madman gave a roll on the bed, imitating the actions of a horse or mule after being set free, then he peeped cautiously around, tried the window, it had been barred on the outside, then he danced frantically around the room for some moments, and catching sight of the meat, he made a dash for it, clutching it with his long fingers, reminding one of the talons of a vulture, he literally tore it to pieces. The beef had been cooked to that stage which the epicure favors his palate, "rare;" and when the madman saw the blood trickling through his fingers, he laughed and capered up and down the room gleefully, saying in loud exulting whispers, "blood! blood! oh, I've got blood!" He

seemed to care little for bread, and drank but little water ; what his whole nature seemed to crave, was blood.

We will leave him in the care of his young keepers while we go in search of some of his " kinsfolk," for sometimes when troubles come along, professed friends forsake, and foes then crowd in to exult.

Press on false friends, *your* time has not come. Look to your left, look to your right, and be less deceitful, you know not the day or the hour.

" Watch, for the bridegroom cometh ;" Mind your own lamps are filled and trimmed, then, all will be well.



CHAPTER XIX.

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame,
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart,
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,
We will part—we will fly to—unite it again."

YES, she was a fine lady truly, if fine feathers make fine birds. "All fuss and feathers," thought Harold, the day she came sweeping in, dragging a long train of sleazy silk in the dust and dirt behind her; upon her head she wore a diminutive turban, from which fell a small piece of lace, slightly covering the upper part of the face—a masque veil I believe it is called, a very appropriate name; especially in the present instance, as it conveniently served to hide the crow's feet that Time had placed there; and which were partly filled with some kind of cosmetic; also the deep flush of her cheek, that was too bright a red to be natural for one in good health.

She rode in a dilapidated old carriage, to which was attached a half starved mule, with a darkie driver, black as the "ace of spades," but much resembling the "knave," so extremely picturesque was his fanciful costume, which consisted of a pair of old blue trousers rolled to the knee, having several fanciful patches to fill up the various vacancies caused by either minnie balls, bomb-shells, or Time's wear and tear.

He had on his head an old blue cap adorned with a red tassel; his coat—well that was like his namesake Joseph, of Bible history, for his name also, was Joseph, but was called Josiah for short—his coat also, was of many colors, and if he wasn't sold in Egypt, he certainly had been over in the Yankee line, and the way he did, "geehaw," beat and batter that poor

mule, was a matter that ought to have arrested the immediate attention of the philanthropic fanatic, and it is certainly surprising that said action should never have been placed on record by Mr. Berge.

We started out, intending to form the acquaintance of one of La-Belle Louisiane "high falutin plebians;" yea, verily, a parvenu, but in her own estimation an aristocrat, founded upon her gorgeous gew-gaws, dyed silks, and bold manœuvring.

And now this fine lady had come to see and be seen, with her habit of prying into other people's affairs with a curiosity very annoying; she had also a disagreeable manner of dictating to and disagreeing with whomsoever she came in contact.

Jenny being still low and incapable of exertion, Harold wrote a note, dictated by the doctor, to the two sisters of Mr. Bancroft, asking them to come and assist in arranging some plan in regard to their brother.

Mrs. Frisk was a cold, heartless woman of the world, caring more for dress and show, than any of the beauties of nature, and for the world's opinions and its too ready insinuations and condemnations, than for the word of God with its lessons of of Peace and Good-will to man, and its many precepts of Charity.

No, she would not see her brother sent to an asylum, it would be a disgrace to her family. She didn't believe he was insane anyway, it wasn't hereditary in the family. Jenny had married him (and she, for her part, never wanted him to marry that child) but she had her opinion about things. No! He must be kept at home; she hadn't the means to assist him, but Jenny had property, and it must be sold; and being his wife, it is her duty to take care of him.

She had questioned Maggie, and the girl had innocently betrayed to the prying woman much that Jenny would rather have been left unrevealed.

She treated Harold with a contempt and contumely, really more amusing to witness, than worthy of even a passing attention.

Jenny was now getting able to set up, and after her recovery

was certain, Harold avoided the room, also making his presence very scarce around the premises. He had already informed the doctor of his intended departure on the following day. On this same day Mrs. Frisk accosted him in no gentle tones, and in a very unladylike manner in the following words:

"Pray Mr. Clinton, what interest have you in my brother's family? And who are you, that you should make your headquarters here so long? I have heard all about you, sir, and think the best thing you can do is to leave here immediately. You are not wanted in this house by those who have the right to speak."

"Thank you, madam. I intend to leave to-morrow, and have my plans arranged to that effect. You are a lady—so cannot notice your tirade; but still madam, let me assure you, that I am fully aware *who* it is in this house, that has the right to speak." He was letting his anger get the better of his judgment, so turned on his heel and walked away, leaving the enraged woman or virago lashing herself into a state of frenzy little less than that of her brother.

Yes, indeed! She was a fine lady, if diving, digging and prying into all of Harold's previous visits to her brother's home, and all the little meanderings and vile insinuations, slyly hinted by the aspic tongues of the subtle gossips, regarding his private affairs, made her one.

But now he has gone! Yes, Harold has gone, and Jenny's heart sinks at the thought—at the word.

No other fond kiss electrifies him now! No more kisses of passionate love, and a blissful straining to his bosom to frighten away her good angel; only a few loving words and a "remember our oaths," and he was gone—gone to cross the mighty billow of the broad Atlantic—gone to embrace a dear loving mother.

There were those that loved and missed him on both sides of that ocean.

Little Charley was often heard to say: "Oh, if Mr. Hal was here!" and Lillian for days after he had left, would cry, and call for "Hallie, Hallie."

Jenny is left to fight out the fierce struggle as God had intended she should.

A few days previous to Harold's departure, the good and kind old doctor had called to see Jenny, and was furious at the idea of placing the additional burden of a crazy man upon her already strained resources; and in her present state of health, said: "It was an outrage."

Harold was present, but kept silent; but Jenny spoke quickly saying in a soft sweet tone:—

"Don't be fretted doctor! I would rather he be at home. It is my duty to take care of him, until God sees fit to make some change. I can but put myself in his place, and know I should think it very cruel to be left to the tender mercies of entire strangers. Do not try to dissuade me from my present intentions, but assist me to do my whole duty."

"Jenny, you are too good, poor child!" and he caught up some of her flowing hair: See, Harold! I have often heard of fright turning one's hair white in one night; but now I am sure it is so. Jenny you are almost a gray-headed old woman."

"It don't matter, doctor. If my poor boy could be cured, I could bear all else;" her feelings overcame her, and she wept.

Tears also filled the doctor's eyes, but he quickly brushed them away with a rough hand, while Harold, could bear no more, but silently turned away and caressed the pale little object that was gazing so intently out of the window up into the white clouds, as they flitted along the blue and crimson decked horizon, appearing like white sails crossing a sea of gold.

"Oh, look! See Harold! See yonder Hal! It looks like little angels, all in a beautiful white boat with white sails. I see so many pretty things up there Hal! I do wish that you and mamma would take Lillie and me and go up there and sail with the angels."

"Dear little Charley! don't talk so, your poor mamma will not like it!"

"Why not, Hal? Well we could take Doc. too. He loves mamma—but Maggie teases me; I don't want her to come."

The child has high fever, thought Harold, but he said to

him: "Try to think what a nice time you will have my little man, riding on your little pony, when you are well again."

"You is mighty good Hal, to send and get mamma's pretty pony back; but I'se afraid your little Charley will never ride him. But was'nt mamma glad to see him?"

"Yes, Charley. Your mother loves her little Sable, so that when I found him, I placed him in the care of a good man for a time, and then sent him to your mamma."

And thus it was that Jenny had her pet pony "Sable" again.

Mr. Bancroft's other sister was a rough, yet kindly old lady, with a warm heart and tender feelings, quite the opposite of her sister, Mrs. Frisk, and who thought it her duty to go and assist Jenny in taking care of her brother, and so she came, but not until her sister had gone away; for said she:

"I never could endure Amelia's high falutin notions and nonsense, so I am sorry to say we haven't spoken for two years; but Jenny, if she was a little fool to marry Dick, is a good soul, and I'll go and help her."

So it was settled that she was to remain some time with Jenny, and assist her with the children; and being a strong, hardworking woman, relieved her sister-in-law almost, if not entirely of the care of her deranged brother.

Six months have passed; Jenny has recovered her health somewhat, but has as yet, never seemed like her original self. She had, during this period, only made one or two visits to the room, where her husband was confined; and her presence seemed to exert some strange influence over him during the short time she would stay with him, although he did not seem to recognize her, for when she made the last visit, he regarded her intently for a few moments, then suddenly caught her in his arms, saying gleefully; "I love you! Kiss me; kiss me! Snow-flake, kiss me!"

Jenny screamed, and tried to get away, but he held her in too tight a grasp for her to do so, and repeated: "Kiss me! Kiss me!" when suddenly some one gave him a heavy blow on the cheek, that caused him to let her go quickly and turn savagely upon his aggressor. But he cowered in a moment,

as soon as he saw who had struck him. It was his sister, for she, upon hearing Jenny's scream had hurried into the room.

"How dare you, sir!" she said sharply and sternly. "Go back yonder at once, sir, and sit down." He seemed to fear her, and obeyed instantly.

Jenny had not forgotten her oath, and intended to keep it to the best of her ability. Not a sunset passed that she did not look out for the star, and on bended knee renew her vow.

Winter was coming on and she knew not which way to turn for help. She found she was poor, too poor to pay those young men to guard her husband longer. Her children were getting out of clothes, provisions were high, and she had no more money wherewith to buy anything. Her property was gone—scattered in every direction—nothing left; and to add to her trials, Charley was getting no better. What could she do?

About this time Capt. Manly paid them a visit, and saw at a glance Jenny's present difficulties. He insisted on the family removing to New Orleans. For "said he: "Maggie can then complete her education; Charley can be placed under the care of the best physicians; you can place Mr. Bancroft in a private asylum, and you Mrs. Bancroft, can obtain a position in one of the schools as Principal; and to assist you I will board with you, and do all in my power in carrying out my present programme.

Mrs. Evans approved the plan; so did the doctor; also Maggie—although she was, and had always been a great Rebel, yet she concurred in the present arrangement. Jenny said it made no difference to her—although she approved of the arrangement—but her chief reason for approving was, "that perhaps her boy might be entirely cured." And thus it was finally agreed upon and arranged, that the whole family, with the exception of Mrs. Evans, should remove to the city; and Manly was to make all the necessary arrangements there for them and for their comfort after their arrival. It did not require much persuasion to get the good old doctor to accompany them for a short visit, saying "My child cannot get along without me" but Mrs. Evans, said—

"No money could pay her to go to a dirty old city."

Maggie had been right shy in the society of Manly, but at last he had an opportunity and asked her, "If she hadn't known him long enough to learn to love a Yankee, and could she give him a little satisfaction in regard to the future?" She answered:

"That she despised Yankees, and wasn't going to give satisfaction to any man, she cared not who or what he was, until women could vote as well as 'niggers'." And that was all the satisfaction he could get for the time being. "Ah, well!" said he to himself, "have patience! I can wait! time will conquer."





CHAPTER XX.

“Home” is where the heart’s at peace,
Where love is all supreme;
Where soul meets soul, and joys increase,
Where love is not a dream.

“Mother!” what magic in the sound
Of that dear blessed name;
It makes the heart-strings to resound
With thanks to God, for having given
A mother’s love—first-fruits of Heaven,
And sparks of Heavenly flame.

“HOME and Mother!” The two sweetest words in the English language. With them are combined Heaven and God—where so many weary and footsore travelers hope to reach; hope! yes, will reach and find a HOME; and a MOTHER gone before—ever waiting and watching for her loved ones left behind.

But the home of which we are about to write, is an English HOME—a beautiful Earthly Paradise.

Two ladies, most elegantly dressed, are occupants of an exquisitely decorated and richly furnished apartment or drawing room, in a palatial residence in the loveliest part—the garden spot of England: KENT.

The eldest lady was of tall and commanding presence. She wore a heavy lilac satin, trimmed with real black lace of very fine texture, which was arranged into points and forming three full flounces, almost hiding the full skirt that trailed on the rich Brussels carpet, as she crossed the room, and sank languidly into a velvet cushioned fauteuil, or easy chair. A portion of the same rich black lace, trimmed the large sleeves, and the half-open bodice.

Her hair—rich and black—yet sprinkled with silvery gray—was combed back into one large braid and coiled upon the

back of her head, supported by a diamond pin, and displaying a forehead, in which intellect and a strong will were most prominent.

No other ornament save the glittering diamond cluster on her third finger of left hand—and a brooch of same on her bosom. Her appearance was that of a lady about forty years of age—while in fact she was over fifty.

Standing at one of the windows, and partially hid by the rich damascened curtains, was a beautiful girl of about eighteen or twenty years; she had golden curls and eyes of azure hue; she wore a pale blue silk, with an overdress of blue gauze, caught up and fastened by a silver spray; her only ornament beside being a piece of silver spray of the same pattern, holding back the flowing curls from her sweet oval face.

She was gazing thoughtfully out on the grand old park that stretched away to her right while at a short distance from the left could be seen a large rivulet, or small river, upon whose bank, and under the shade of two grand old elms nestled a cozy looking boat-house; between the river and residence, a miniature lake, in the centre of which was a fanciful quaint looking fountain that threw its crystal waters from the mouths of three amphetrites upon its bosom, and upon which gracefully moved a pair of snow-white swans; while at its brink came the pet deer, fawn and antelope, to quench their thirst.

Two graceful curves, bordered by tall oaks, reach out in the distance, gradually winding until they meet at some distance in front of the house, and at the lodge gate; at the side of which was a snug little lodge—also shaded by majestic oaks.

It was in that direction that the riveted gaze of the young girl seemed bent; she had been standing for some time quite motionless, when the elder lady broke the silence that had become monotonous, saying:

"Nay, Eva love! Do not weary yourself. Come and sit by me child, and let us again read our truant's last letter. My noble boy! I cannot imagine any inducement he could pos-

sibly find over in that half heathen land to detain him so long. He was greatly interested in that civil war, and his heart strangely warmed to the Southern cause, and in his letters, always anxious that we, that is England, should recognize the Confederacy. But now all of that trouble is over, I hope he will return and remain at home. Ah, Eva, dear! He will hardly recognize you, you have grown so, and are so beautiful. Don't blush, dear! It will do no harm to tell a timid creature like you that is so void of egotism or self appreciation, that you are fair; and I shall depend upon you to use your utmost endeavors and skill in charming my boy to his home, and to those who love him so dearly. He is too fond of rambling around the world, and I wish him to settle down and marry, if his fastidious taste can be suited."

"Perhaps he will bring a lady with him, aunt; or he may have found some one in his travels to suit his taste."

"I do not anticipate anything of the kind, Eva. Harold is rather peculiar—has a high notion of honor—and a taste no common woman could satisfy; therefore she will be an exceptional creature who wins his affections, and I scarcely think he would allow himself to become infatuated with any but a lady of very high standing and of his own nationality, and I should be much dissatisfied if it were otherwise. But it is getting late! Ring the bell, Eva; and summon John to order round the carriage; we may as well be going as Sir John and Lady Lyle expect us early."

A few moments later a handsome carriage bearing upon its panels the Clinton coat of arms, with a driver dressed in the family livery, rolled around to the principal entrance; and the two ladies descended the marble staircase, followed by two maids bearing their ladies heavy velvet wrappings, and were helped to their seats in carriage by the footman or lackey that was in attendance to perform that duty to her highness.

About an hour after, and just as a gorgeous sunset was flashing an adieu, as heralding the coming night, a fly dashed up to the lodge gate, passed in, winding its way to the same entrance.

This carriage contained one occupant only, and *he* gazed around with a pleasant smile and increased interest.

"And this is home, sweet, sweet home. My home if I chose. How beautiful! In all my travels and wanderings I have not seen any more so; and yet, no joyful sound reaches my ear from its marble heart. No mocking birds around, no prattling voices; all seems serenely calm and still, as the abode of death, all appears cold and distant, with that stately proud look, that reminds me of my mother, her iron will, and her pride. 'Tis true she has a right to be proud of our ancestors, but—pshaw! Well, here I am, home at last! But Jenny, dear Jenny; at home or abroad, I'll seek out our star, and waft you a God's blessing on evening's dewy breath."

Notwithstanding Harold's meditations and silent thoughts of his silent looking home, there was life within, and some one must have seen his approach, for many of the old servants came forth to welcome him home; but neither mother or brother were there to receive and welcome their long absent loved one.

"Welcome 'ome mister Arold—welcome 'ome! my lady will be grieved that she left 'ome, hand you come so hunhexpected; she 'as gone to Sir John and Lady Lyle's, hand your cousin Miss Heva hime sure never hexpected you this hevening, but we, Annah hand myself, will make you has comfortable has possible, huntill my lady and Miss Heva come back.

"Well John, you say that my mother did not expect me so soon—then where is my brother Wilber?"

"'Is Lordship's bin gone these two weeks, but my lady 'as wrote to 'im that you was a coming hand hexpected soon and hi hexpect ee'l be 'ome hin the morning, my lady thought *you'd* harrive about the tenth."

"All right I'll make myself at home; I'm as hungry as a wolf, and will take something substantial for my supper, but I suppose I will have to call it dinner to be in fashion here. I wish, and would like a bath in the old way. Is everything in the usual style?"

"Yes sir. Hif hanythng my lord his getting to be more particular than hever. Hi'll show the way, hand then hi'll

come back hand harrange your wardrobe. But where his your baggage Mr. Arold, you've not left hit beind ave you sir?"

"No John, all my baggage is in that valise, that I travelled or came home with, but I'll soon replenish everything, so that everything will soon be all right," adding mentally, "become the English gentleman once more, no longer the poor Confederate."

Supper, or rather with the aristocrats, dinner being over, Harold amused himself by going over the scenes of his boyhood days and amusements; yet thoughts of Louisiana, and one of her stricken families would intrude itself and hold the most prominent place.

Without his knowledge, John, the servant, had at once dispatched the news of his arrival to lady Clinton, and not long after dark, carriage wheels were again heard, and in a few minutes more, our hero was pressed in the loving and warm embrace of a fond mother.

"At last my son, at last! Oh, how pleased I am that you have come back to your mother! Ah, how changed you are! You are taller and handsomer than Wilber now."

"Speaking of brother. Is he not yet married mother?"

"No my son! Nor does he seem to be so inclined."

"I thought by the tone of one of your letters, mother, that the choice had been made. Did you not say something regarding the gentle lady Geneva Dering becoming your daughter?"

"Yes, I believe I did! That reminds me. Where can Eva be?" She touched a silver bell and her maid appeared.

"Inform Lady Geneva that we desire her presence. She is a sweet girl, my son, but so timid; a lovely, sensitive plant, and of noble lineage."

The young lady in question, now came in, and advanced shyly toward Harold.

"Your cousin Harold—Eva. Harold, kiss your cousin."

Instead of doing so, Harold drew back. A cold shiver passed over his frame. The sweet girl looked up timidly, as Harold said hastily—

"Lady Eva would deem me guilty of disrespect, or forgetful of that we were no longer children, mother, were I to take so great a liberty."

"And what are you but children, pray? My children, both of you! And I wish you to be the best of friends. I insist that you renew your friendship by kissing your old playmate."

"I cannot! I dare not, mother! I do not wish to anger you on this, the first evening of my visit home, and the Lady Geneva will speak for herself, I am sure."

"My dear aunt! Cousin Harold is right. We are no longer children, and both you and I should consider how to make his first evening at home the most pleasant of any of his life."

Her voice trembled, and Harold could not but think—how beautiful—and that it would be no great sacrifice to kiss so lovely a creature. But the "two oaths" flashed athwart his mind, bathing him amid the sweeping surf of thought; thoughts of her he loved—wrongfully it might be—but still, better than all the world.

We cannot dwell for any length of time with Harold in his ancestral home, for our chosen path is among the orange-groves, the magnolia trees, and the clime of the mocking-bird's home

Suffice it to say, that Lady Clinton had fixed her heart upon the marriage of her youngest and favorite son, with Geneva Dering, an heiress, and Harold's own cousin.

Lady Clinton was of the Protestant faith—an Episcopalian; very charitable to the poor, a most excellent lady, but of strong will and domineering disposition, and many, and hard were the contests between herself and Harold, before she could resign all hopes of her cherished wish being accomplished.

The young girl had been taught to love Harold, and he witnessed with pain, her vain endeavors to hide her feelings, and not to betray the true state of her heart. Each day he became more and more convinced, that it was better for him to be away.

His brother being the eldest, was Lord of the Manor, and our hero only a younger son, an English gentleman of leisure, any plenty of means.

His home was beautiful, but it had no charms that suited his rambling and restless disposition. He loved his mother, but would not submit tamely to her ideas of what was most respectable and true aristocratic, or her notions of what should, and what must be done.

So we leave him planning in his own mind his future course, while even then, the hands of fate were reaching out and leading him to his destiny.

And while he is planning, we will open the pages of the past and snatch from them a brief outline of the last few years of his life—previous to the opening chapter of the present narrative. So dear reader your patience a while and we will proceed.

A few years after Harold Clinton had finished his collegiate course at Oxford, he had an uncontrollable desire to study medicine and surgery, and of becoming both physician and surgeon. He entered a medical college, studied closely, and in a few years passed a successful examination and received his diploma. Then thoughts of travel filled his mind. He went to the East in search of knowledge combined with pleasure. Visited Italy and beheld its far-famed sunsets, and while in that sunny clime, visited the 'Eternal City;' that city, that had haunted his mind since the time of his plodding school-days, when he drank deep from the great minds of her best scholars and masters. Saw the "Coliseum" by moonlight, and stood in wondrous awe beneath its shadows; passed on to Switzerland's snow peaked towers, and then still on, and climbed the loftiest summit of the Tyrol. Then to Germany, and saw 'Hans mit mine frow' in the beer gardens, and happy families smiling him a welcome to their homely and innocent pleasures. He, too, bore a part in the "Crimean War" as an assistant surgeon. Had drink coffee with the Turk, and had also been presented to the 'Czar of all the Russias.' After peace was proclaimed between the Allied Powers and Russia—and while still in that country—he resigned his commission as assistant surgeon, so that he might continue his travels, and have entire freedom of action. Having visited St. Petersburg and other important Rus-

sian cities—he still went on—steamed down the Volga, crossed the Caspian Sea, on through Turkestan and the Chinese Empire, and set sail from Canton for the United States of America, landing at San Francisco. Here he became so taken up with the fine prospect, and some rich lands, that he determined to purchase the same, having considerable means at command, purchased a large tract. He built a fine residence and it was while making improvements on said building the "civil war" broke out. He had formed the acquaintance, and had grown quite intimate with a family whose former home had been in the neighborhood of the noted and celebrated 'Teche' country in Louisiana, and who cherished and still fondly loved their native State, it being their constant theme—her beauty—her hospitable hearts, the beautiful Creoles, etc., etc., until Harold's curiosity was excited.

He would leave his Eureka, and visit Louisiana through the Lone Star; would ramble to gather of her Prairie Flowers, then over her border and take a peep into the sorely afflicted heart of the brave Pelican.

He would view attentively *her* young men, *her* dark-eyed daughters, and her beautiful flowers.

While travelling through the "Lone Star," he fell into the society of two gentlemen that were working for the Southern cause, and for Louisiana in particular. His generous nature was aroused. He was brave—loved adventure; therefore, under certain conditions agreed upon and signed by a certain colonel, he joined a little band en route for Louisiana. He had a decided preference for the sober gray, therefore, adopted it to please his taste. He determined to conceal his noble birth, and not reveal to any, who and what he was, so that he might the better study, unquestioned, the nature of the civil war, and penetrate to the fount, the real cause of Secession; also to read the *best work* on human nature at the same time.

And having attended him thus far, we will leave him for a short space, and see what has become of his Louisiana friends.



CHAPTER XXI.

“Within that land was many a malcontent
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent,
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who worked his wantonness in form of law.
Long war without, and frequent broil within
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That waited but a signal to begin
New havoc, such as civil discord blinds
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends.”

THOSE born, raised and accustomed from infancy to man or womanhood, to the country with its pure fresh air, its beautiful sunsets, and its stillness, its wild flowers and honey bees, its free and happy singing birds, its variegated butterflies, and all the free gifts bestowed from a bountiful source by a loving and generous Father's hands—to shut them within the walls of a great city, with its impure air breathed over and over again by thousands; in many places poor creatures living in low damp cellars, where scarcely a sunbeam with its generous brightness never takes a peep; its incessant and discordant hubbub and din, from those hurrying and scurrying, rushing and pushing mortals—it would be like thrusting or confining them in a loathsome prison. No wild flowers for frolicsome children to gather; no honey-bee, except the human bee, plodding, working to gather in their store of bread and honey wherewith to fill the mouths of a sometime starving family; to pamper the self-indulgence of the rich, or lead into temptation's by-paths. Occupations of all kinds, from the gathering of wax and honey, and filling the cells of the human hive, sometimes with misery, at other times with joy—sometimes with evil, and then again with good.

There are no free singing birds, very few butterflies, save the *female butterfly*, gliding along the banquette, meeting the *grasshoppers*, counter-hoppers or jumpers, etc., all mingling in one continuous and constant whirl amid the temptations of the most gorgeous displays of man's ingenuity, while the air reeks with the smell of ten thousand scents, some of them anything but odoriferous, while others scuffle to lift their sweet perfume upon the sickly breeze that frolics among the house-tops, and anon darts down and steals along an open street, catching up the mingled scents in one vast mass, then carrying the whole as in a whirlwind to the clouds, where they are purified and returned to the suffering city, and patter, patter upon the roofs and house-tops, down the many streets, washing away the filth and dirt, smoke and dust that had accumulated and hung around since the last visit of its sister's pattering feet.

And yet the city has its charms and enchantments, especially to the city bred. There too, the fond mother sings lullabys to her baby as she gently taps the cradle with her slippered foot, keeping time to the rocking with the babe's favorite air.

Even the country bred find pleasure, when on a short visit to friends, or a few weeks stay at some first-class hotel; for instance, the old and palatial St. Charles; also the Southerner's favorite, the almost home of many a Reb, the City Hotel; both of New Orleans.

Many go to view the sights, while others go for business alone. But give us the country with its green fields, green leaves, fresh air and refreshing breezes; yes, and rustic clowns, for we love nature, and God's own handiwork better than all else.

A trip to the country is also a pleasure to the city bred. It gives them an opportunity to see 'Old Sol' full in the face and bathe to their heart's content in his generous rays, while their children may gambol among the wild flowers, inhaling the pure fresh air, and partake of the milk and honey found there, both flavored with the extract of the sweet white clover. It renews their strength, and tints their cheeks with a health-

ier hue, it brightens the eye, and the languid step becomes more elastic—it gives the laugh a more joyous ring, proving the heart less burdened, and the mind clear of the stifling sensations of the darkness, and temptation's whirl—of life and life's changes.

Jenny and her children longed for the country, and sighed for its life invigorating smiles, and for a pleasant trip, which they were planning to make to kind Aunt Betty Evans.

Even Maggy, that loved a city life exceedingly well for a country girl, talked of the expected trip with pleasure.

Capt. Fred. Manly, had proved himself a devoted unselfish friend to this afflicted Southern family, his heart was warm, and he was generous even to a fault in his dealings with them; he had assisted them in many ways of which even Jenny had not the slightest suspicion; for instance, in filling a bill, and which he often insisted on doing, he would have it made out in far less figures than he actually paid. He pretended that he wanted to study music, and rented a piano for that purpose; while, in fact it was solely for Jenny and Maggy's use.

The last named was still a wayward child, but somewhat inclined to coquetry, and grew daily more in love with her native State, and bitter towards its enemies. On one occasion in passing along the banquette a negro woman rough, and brazen reeking with the perfume that seems theirs as a gift (dressed in most gaudy attire), gave Maggie a sudden push in passing, that sent her reeling into the gutter. The young, proud and hot blooded Southern girl could ill brook such daring impudence, and as she gained her balance, in a violent rage (for shame to say, standing sniggering, instead of stepping forward like true gentlemen, were *two* who certainly disgraced the far famed *Blue*, seeming to not have the slightest spark of honor) she quickly noting their smile, sprang toward the negress and soiled her white hand that little hand, so prized by that *noble one* in *Blue*—Capt. F. Manly) by a retaliation, consisting of two quick slaps across the black cheek of the *sham lady*, and as quickly darted out of reach of the blow the black wench aimed at her.

The two who dishonored the *Blue* finally came to the rescue,

but *not* to the beautiful pure white rose, with its crimson cheek, but to the sweet scented(?)black, who yelled at highest pitch of voice resembling tones of our southern bull-frog, "P'lice! P'lice! ah kill dat white gal," making use of other language too indecent for these pages, or most obscene pen to *write*, much less uttered on a public street, where refined ladies and gentlemen with innocent children were constantly passing and repassing. The two admirers of the black highly scented rose, followed Maggie as if to detain her, saying, "Not quite so fast, my fine Miss, you'll wait for the police, and go to the station house, and we'll bear witness, for we saw you slap that lady in the face." Maggie angry and undaunted answered: "How dare you interfere with me? I think if you had one spark of manliness you would not have stood smiling to see me insulted by a gross negress;" and turning scornfully away, she beheld a friend advancing in the form of a Federal officer. Capt. Manly's former Colonel, a visiting acquaintance of the family; as soon as he approached the other blue coats skulked away.

"Goodness, gracious, Miss Maggie! What is the matter? What were those fellows saying to you? Did they offer you any insult?"

"No, not exactly; come on, and I will tell you."

"But, Miss Maggie!"

"*Please*, come Colonel; walk fast!"

She spoke so vehemently, with expression of anxiety, that her companion and preserver obeyed without further demur; intuitively surmising that she wished to get out of that vicinity. After several blocks were passed, she became less agitated, then informed the Colonel what had transpired. Instead of becoming indignant as she had expected, he laughed heartily and answered—"I believe I'll have you arrested, Miss Maggie, for assault and battery on a colored lady." This but added fuel to the flame. Becoming more furious, she turned abruptly and left him, saying, as she did so—

"I *know* that you are not in earnest in what you say, but from this day I despise *you*, and all other Yankees more than ever."

We do not believe this little episode ever became public, there happening no newspaper reporter around just then, and for a wonder, the "Examination Committee," or Commissioner, never ferretted it out, to swell the list of cruelties practiced or committed on the poor maltreated (?) race. "Eliza Pinkston" sells "Ku-Klux" cruelties, which did their part in stuffing of the ballot-box, furnishing a slight amusement for the renowned (?) "Louisiana Returning Board."

And yet, were we to mention all of the insults endured by the families of the Gray at THAT period, which came under our personal observation, and knowledge otherwise, we might fill a volume larger than any yet published, showing forth Louisiana and her former slaves.

But thank God, there *were*, and still are Federal soldiers with feeling hearts—some noble, as brave, who wore the "Blue," and who *still* wear the "Blue"—who, to their best ability protected, and *still* protect the loved ones of the "FALLEN Gray, as well as those of the "DISCARDED Gray." HONOR them, my countrymen, and you, my countrywomen, weave a wreath of laurel and twine with olive to decorate their noble brows, for though contending for what *they* deemed right in their country's cause, they were men of honor; not *then*, nor will they *now*, join hands with those who wave the bloody flag, who insulted, and if in their power would, even to-day, exterminate the pure blood of the sunny South.

All honor to the NOBLE enemy! cry out the WHOLE SOUTH.

There were some good negroes too, many who loved and clung to "old massa" and "old missus" and "dem little childrens." We too, loved our old black "mammies," our nurses, and little wooly headed playmates, and in some cases there was unquestioned devotion—for, of course, there are exceptions in all cases.

Through Manly's influence, Jenny, after some weeks in the city, obtained a situation as teacher in one of the high schools, and fortunately their little home was but a few blocks from the school to which she was appointed, so that she was not compelled to be a great distance from her chil-

dren. Little Charley was a great favorite with their neighbors, and many tendered kindly the service of watching over both children. Upon the arrival of the family in the city, the most noted, experienced physician was consulted; he advised, and with the unanimous consent of family performed a slight operation. Many days the little sufferer lay between life and death, but at last the vital spark became reanimated and he slowly improved, and was just beginning to get about by the use of a little crutch that Manly had given him, when Jenny was notified of opening of said school; so that she was compelled to leave him, with Lillian, to kind care of neighbors, and especial charge of a faithful serving woman—a warm hearted German that had lost her husband during the war.

Mr. Bancroft had been placed in a private asylum, and not one of his family had desired to behold the wreck since their arrival; however, at Jenny's repeated solicitation, Manly had made several visits, and repeated inquiries concerning his condition. The inquiries elicited the oft repeated answer, "No better! Just about the same, at times ungovernable."

But winter had now passed—bright spring had come and gone—and summer was on the wane.

Charley had not improved as rapidly as anticipated.

Lillian had become thin and pale. Jenny was sad, weary and greatly debilitated. However, Maggie continued in excellent health and fine spirits, for she was gaining laurels in her classes, and in a few years might graduate, if she could only continue at school, and Jenny and Manly intended she should do so, if within their power—for, Capt. Fred Manly was now truly in love with this brave girl, who, so young, fought with a woman's weapon, if not with "arms," for her still suffering country.

But now they are going on a visit to good Aunt Evans, all save Manly, who had made arrangements to visit the North; but he has determined to again broach the subject next his heart, ere they separated, and try to gain some promise from Maggie.

It is the evening previous to their departure, on a boat already receiving freight at her wharf, that Manly requested her

to take a walk with him, to assist in making some purchases of toys and confectionary for the children before departure.

Jenny having known this friend so long and so well, allowed her niece to go out alone of evenings in his company, and under his protection.

And again on this occasion they started alone—he hopeful—she rather demurring, as she anticipated he might renew the old subject. After getting a short distance, he said :

"Let us go down to Canal, Maggie, I wish to go to Tyler's."

"Oh, no ! It is entirely too far. I have packing and other things to attend to yet, before retiring. I can't go !"

"Never mind the 'packing and other things,' your aunt will attend to all of those matters. Come, Maggie, my dear girl don't be stubborn ! I want you to select something pretty for yourself. Beside, I wish you to select a pretty ring for me to give to my girl. I want it to be an engagement ring, Maggie."

"Well, what have I to do with your girl ? Why don't you let her select it herself ? I won't go ! Let us go in the confectioner's on the next corner, and obtain what you wish for the children, and then return."

"Why, Maggie ! You have all to do with my girl—and as to selecting the ring—that's just what I want. Yes, I want you, my little darling girl to choose that, or anything else you may wish. Now, don't put on my child ! You know I love you better than all the world."

"Don't talk nonsense to me in the street Captain Manly ! You know I don't like Yankees anyway. But don't talk foolish and I'll go with you."

They rode down to Canal street—made some purchases—then went to Tyler's. Looking at some beautiful and rich jewelry of varied styles—Maggie remarked : "That if ever she became engaged, her lover would have to give her a ring 'like this,' " holding up a lovely opal, set with diamonds.

"Ah, Maggie, you shouldn't have such extravagant notions ! Suppose your lover was only in moderate circumstances, he could not afford such a ring."

"I would not have a lover that was poor."

"Well, my girl will! So, I shall purchase this chased gold band to encircle her beautiful tapering finger; and when we marry, I may then, if able, choose such a ring, as that you noticed, for my bride."

They returned home; and upon Maggie's going inside, found that all had retired.

She had invited Manly to enter on their return, but he preferred remaining outside, and seating himself upon a settee that was upon one side of the portico, patiently awaited her return.

She tarried inside rather long, he thought, so he called her. Presently she came out to him, and he seated her by his side, and speaking in soft, tender tones, said:

"Now, Maggie, dear! give me your hand. Won't you wear this little ring, with the promise to be mine as soon as you complete your education! No use my telling you—what you already know—that I love you."

"But suppose, I don't love *you*, Captain Manly?"

"Don't you, Maggie? Speak truly, little girl."

"I don't love any one else."

"Thank you, dear girl; for that assertion is as much as I can expect now. But don't think about, or try to love another. Give me *my* little hand, dear."

She silently reached out and took one of his hands and placed it in the other.

"Oh, ho; miss! I have both of yours now, instead of one!" catching both of hers—"and am going to hold them until you learn 'to quit your behavior, and learn how to don't.' Now you are in a pretty scrape, Miss Maggie."

"I'll don't right away. Please let me go!"

"All but one hand; that's mine." He at once slipped the ring on the now unresisting finger of the hand he now held.

"You must think of me, Maggie, and prepare yourself to be my own little wife, in a year from now."

"I am going to tell you truly, Captain Manly. I do like you right well, but you know how I hate Yankees, and I don't think I shall be any man's wife until we are a free people. It

makes me almost dislike *you*, at times, when I think how we are treated, and of that saucy negress and those Yankee soldiers."

"But, Maggie, my love, why mix love with your country's cause? You know, dear, that I am a friend, and that I have done, and will do all in my power, to make things right once more; yes, and will now, more than ever, try to be a friend to your State."

"Well, then, when my State is free—free from despot's tyranny—I'll be your wife."

"Cruel Maggy! Wayward child! But I guess all will be right soon. It is getting late, so my watch says, and I must be off to my quarters. Will you not give me a farewell gift, Maggie? Our wooing seems prosy-like, some every-day occurrence. Give me our engagement kiss, and I'll go."

He kissed her gently, and softly went his way.

But the family did not leave on the day appointed.

Early next morning, Captain Manly looking pale and worried, rang the bell, and upon the servant opening the door, requested to see Jenny at once in the parlor.

She hurried in quite agitated, exclaiming as she entered: "What news, Captain? I know there must be something the matter, or you would not be here so early. What is it?"

"Sit down Mrs. Bancroft, and don't be alarmed. It is not much, only Mr. Bancroft by some means or other has managed to elude his guard, and made his escape; how he contrived it, is not yet ascertained. Mr. Lacelles sent for me at daybreak. I have employed private detectives to trace him. Knowing your repugnance to publicity, I guarded all parties aware of the fact to be silent. Is there anything else you wish done Mrs. Bancroft?"

"No, thank you! Oh, yes! We cannot leave to-day. You will oblige me by sending word to the officers of the steamer. Has nothing at all been heard from *him* Captain?"

"Not when I left. As soon as there is the slightest trace, it will be reported at the asylum, and I am to be immediately notified. I think myself you had better defer your trip and

wait the next boat, by that time the fugitive will be again in proper hands."

During the day Manly brought the news, that one of the detectives had traced the missing man to the lower Basin, a pair of shoes was found close to the water's edge, they were identified as belonging to the missing man.

The report confirmed Manly's fears, that the lunatic must have drowned himself. There were many foot-prints found around about the place, and it looked as though the man had rolled on the ground, or, that there had been a scuffle or struggle, and what was strange, drops of blood was found here and there, no other clue, except a bundle of clothes belonging to some laboring man apparently, was found not far from the spot.

A strict search was made, but for two days there was nothing further discovered, but on the third day, it was reported that a body was floating at some distance away from where the clothes were found, with the head and face so disfigured, as not to be recognizable.

The body was taken from the water, and Captain Manly saw it. The coat was certainly like the one he saw on Mr. Bancroft's back, and naturally concluded that the body was that of the missing lunatic. All that were interested came to the same conclusion.

A coroner's inquest was of course held. The jury returned a verdict of "Found Drowned," and also recommended that the city authorities try to discover further particulars—but that was the last of it.

Mr. Lascelles claimed the body for Jenny, and Captain Manly procured a metallic coffin, had the corpse placed therein, and conveyed to her present home. Notice of the funeral was published, that "The friends and acquaintances of Richard Bancroft, Esq., are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, at half-past four, P. M., the 14th inst., from No.—Magazine street;" and at that hour the body was taken to the Girod Street burying ground, followed by the family, and buried.

The neighbors had been informed that the corpse had been

brought from the asylum to the home of Jenny, and though some, for the first time, knew of her affliction, there were others that had known of Mr. Bancroft's situation from the first day of her arrival in the city. Nevertheless, none were the less friends of hers on that account, for certainly it was no disgrace to the poor woman. True, her children might suffer from its effects, yet, even that did not stand to reason, for *lunacy* was not a hereditary disease in her husband's family, and he had only become so from the baneful use of those *poisons* that *destroy the mind*, and from whose use so *many* are suffering, even at the present day.





CHAPTER XXII.

“If aught be loved, ’twas Lara; but was shown
His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;
In mute attention; and his care which guess’d
Each wish, fulfill’d ere the tongue express’d.”

HAD Jenny forgotten her oath? No. But she could not, neither would she think that she was free to write to Harold until the father of her children had been placed beneath the sod, where she hoped and prayed that a just God would be unto him a merciful one also. *Grieve*, she could not, although she felt sad, for it was sad to see the dead laid away upon their cold couch, even if there were no kindred ties of relationship, or any other link that binds one human being to another—such as friendship or love.

Only a few days previous to the incidents related at the close of the preceding chapter, Captain Manly received a letter from Harold, stating that he was about to visit Paris, and requested an immediate reply, addressed to that city. He spoke of visiting Persia or Australia, he said: “It did not matter which, or what place to him.”

The Captain suspected his friend’s feelings, and though respecting him highly, could but pity him. Both himself and Doctor Grumble knew much of Harold’s history, and who he really was, but had promised faithfully not to divulge his secret.

The night succeeding the day on which the funeral took place was dark and gloomy. It reminds Jenny of the first meeting with Harold under her own roof—all came back to her memory vividly. A dismal, mournful sound; a piteous, mournful wail came dolefully borne on the night air. What was it? An Irish wake. She knows what that wail means. Yet, could the dead awaken? Did any ever come back to

life who had passed the portal that divides the mortal from the immortal? She knows not why these thoughts should intrude, yet they were there, causing a dark foreboding to creep over her already nervous and excited mind. She is alone; for all have retired with the exception of herself; she thinks of her oath.

"I must write, for I have *sworn* to do so. Ah, Harold, how wrong we were! But our Heavenly father knows we but forgot ourselves, and were tempted sorely. Yes, we were *wrong, very wrong!* Still, I must keep my oath—*must* write."

She sat down and wrote him a long friendly epistle—telling him succinctly how matters stood, and that her husband no longer lived. She then alluded to "his oath" and "that she knew that he could not be in more than moderate circumstances—that she was poor now, so would, with his acquiescence, relieve him from it—or dissolve it by mutual consent."

She had kept her oath. The letter was written, sealed and addressed. A letter box stood conveniently near her own door, and she mused thus:

"It is awful dark, but I believe I will just step outside and drop the letter in the box to-night, then no one will ever know about it. If I don't, Maggie will find it out, especially, if I wait until morning."

She softly opens the door and peeps out, not a soul seems to be near. A louder and more dismal cry comes from the watchers of the dead, in their bitter grief. She shudders, thinks of her dead, and the same feeling or foreboding rises again, but she puts it aside with a strong will, and with a brave step reaches the box, and drops in the letter.

She turns to re-enter her door—she is startled, for there is the sound of footsteps coming quickly up the street—they are near—she does not wish to be seen, so hurriedly enters, and as quick as thought, closes and fastens the door again, just in time. "Ha, ha, ha, ha:" Oh, that mocking laugh! she can yet hear its discordant harsh tones, and it freezes her blood—chills her through and through. Oh, that hideous sound! Has she not heard it before?

"Great God! It must be him! Yet, it cannot be! I have heard of people being haunted, there must be some truth in it, for oh! I am sure that must have been his spirit.

She sank upon the sofa, pale and affrighted; then thoughts of her children gave her strength to take up her light—go to her room—which is occupied also by Maggie and the children. She bolted the door securely, put down the window sashes and made them fast, then feeling weak and exhausted, sat on the foot of the bed where little Charley lay sleeping sweetly.

After a little time, her nerves became somewhat composed, and she lay down beside her boy—yet refreshing sleep came not to ease her tortured mind during the night, only a few spells of partial insensibility would steal over her, and that mocking laugh would, in imagination, come back again and again, and thus haunted, the night passed.

At daybreak, she still fearing, opened her door slightly and continuously peeped out—heard faithful Martha stirring—called her, and informed her of the fright she had received in the night—also feared some one had been around the house—requesting her to be careful, but to make a thorough search.

Martha returned, and said: "Everything is all right, I can find no signs of anything having been around."

Even then, Jenny could not feel satisfied, and decided to inform Captain Manly of that familiar laugh, and her fears.

He came to breakfast as usual, noted her agitation, and after the meal, asked her, "What it was that had again disturbed her?" Taking him aside, she told him what had taken place the previous evening.

He appeared thoughtful, yet tried to dispel her fears, and arouse her drooping spirits, and said:

"You are nervous Mrs. Bancroft, and must leave for the country to-morrow; there are quite a number of cases of fever reported in the city, so that in any event, you will be all the better off with your sister-in-law. I myself must visit home soon, and prefer to go and return by fall."

In the early afternoon of that same day, a common-looking,

but showily dressed woman knocked at the door, and upon the servant going there, inquired for Mrs. Bancroft. "She was out," the servant replied.

"I wish to see her on particular business, something very important to herself. Will you give me a slip of paper and an envelope? I will leave a note."

She slipped past the servant as she spoke, and sat down on a chair that was in the hall.

Martha thought *that* was pretty cool and the height of impudence, but complied with the demands of the stranger.

In an almost illegible scrawl, she wrote :

"MADAM BANCROFT :—You think you buried a husband yesterday and you did'nt. I have news which is worth your while to call at No.— Julia street, and find out. I would wait to see you, but for good reasons can't and won't come again. Don't bring any one with you, but you may tell your woman the No. of my house as a proof that no harm is meant you.

ARABELLA SCROGGS."

The woman was very particular in sealing it, and with the injunction "to give it to Mrs. Bancroft as soon as she returned," passed out of the door, and was gone down the street. Martha watched her until she was out of sight, and while yet standing and thinking what *such* a woman could have to tell Jenny, she saw her mistress coming up the street. "So they must have met," thought she.

On reading the scrawl, Jenny fell back and would have fainted, had not restoratives been at once given, and on regaining full possession of her faculties, exclaimed :

"I knew it ! I knew it ! It was not a spirit !"

The children were crying around her, and Maggie began to scold.

This aroused her own spirit a little, and she told Maggie, "she did'nt know what she was talking about," and asked her, "if Manly would be up this evening?" also showed her the note."

Maggie turned pale, and seemed as though she too was about to lose her senses, but she soon recovered herself, and inquired of Jenny—

“What she intended to do?”

“I am going now;” said she rising, “Martha may accompany me.”

“But, Jenny, she says you must not take any one.”

“No matter! Martha can stay outside. It will be late when I return, and I must not be alone.”

The number of the house indicated in the note was reached—a dingy looking old domicile; not familiar to Jenny, yet somewhat to my readers, for our steps led us there once before.

Martha stood a little distance away to watch and wait Jenny’s return.

Jenny knocks at the door—a girl about sixteen opens it—her features seem very familiar, and before she can speak, the words:

“Show the lady up stairs,” startles her.

She is shown into a private room, is asked to be seated, and the woman tells her story.

“You are Mrs. Bancroft, I suppose?”

“That is my name, Madam.”

“You may think them strange words I wrote you Madam, but they are true; in *that* room lies the man that you thought you had buried yesterday; he has been with me since the evening he escaped from the asylum; he came in, ragged and torn; he did not seem to recognize us at all, that is, I mean me and my daughter, but as he has always, for the last eighteen years, come to this house whenever he came to the city, I suppose he remembered it. Last night he got out of his room some way, and was gone a good while; but he came back and went to bed, and has been in a kind of stupor all day. I am too poor to get a doctor; I was not always so, for I was once supported very handsomely.”

Jenny drew back from her with a loathing that could not be mistaken, at which the woman smiled, but continued:

“Now, I have got to get along the best I can. You do not remember me, but I know you; yes, have known you from a little child. I am the sister of Mrs. Doestick.”

Jenny at once arose from her seat, said she “must go,”

and started toward the door, and again the woman smiled, and said :

"Not yet, Mrs. Bancroft, you poor innocent child ; nothing shall harm you. But won't you take a look at your husband before you go? He won't hurt you now. He is in there."

She opened a door as she spoke, and pointed toward where the demented man lay. Jenny approached the open door, and looking into the room she saw him—her husband—whom she thought was dead and buried, lying there, living ; yes, breathing almost natural. What did it all mean? She would have again fallen, but the woman caught her. She could not stand that touch, so again sat down.

"What will you do, madam?" queried Miss Scroggs.'

"Oh, I don't know!" answered Jenny.

"Well, I can't have him to stay here after to-night."

"Don't trouble yourself ; I'll have him taken away. How much do I owe you? Never mind. I have only a few dollars with me, take them—make out your bill, and all shall be paid. I will pay you also to be silent;" and she once more arose to go."

"Mrs. Bancroft," said the woman, "I feel sorry for you. I have been a wicked woman, and am yet, but I have some feelings ; still I am selfish. When that man dies, I shall have no home ; for this house is his property ; you did not know it, but it's so. I am much to blame for his past life. He is a far better man, than I am as a woman ; but you have money and friends—I have neither ; pay me well, and I'll do just as you say."

Jenny, feeling dizzy and sick, staggered out of the room and down the stairs. The same girl opened the door for her ; she got outside into the street, looked fearfully around, but saw no one except faithful Martha, who came to meet her. How she got home she never knew. Captain Manly was there, waiting and anxious. Maggie had informed him of the note, and he wished to follow Jenny ; but Maggie was now so nervous, and the two children frightened at, they knew not what.

All surrounded Jenny, as soon as she reached home. She seemed to have a cold, set stare in her beautiful brown eyes. She caressed her children; drank of the wine that Manly placed to her lips; ate of the supper which Martha brought so temptingly to her side, but she would not talk.

Maggie became frightened and entreated Manly to call in a doctor. He went out, but soon returned accompanied by the nearest physician. "Mental trouble, I should think. Needs nothing but rest and quiet."

He wrote a short prescription, and hurriedly left. At the door he said to Manly: "I have several yellow fever patients in this neighborhood; this family is from the country, and I would advise them to return there as soon as possible."

Jenny slept well during the night, after taking the soothing draught that was provided; but when morning came, she appeared the same. Motionless and quiet she lay, no brightening of the eye—no smiles—no speech.

Captain Manly was in a quandary. She did not speak of her husband, so he did like to broach the subject. Neither he, nor did any of the family know, what the suffering Jenny had learned at No. — Julia street.

He was making up his mind to visit the house and find out what Jenny had heard when the doctor drove up in his buggy and stopped in front of the door.

Manly at once went to him and told him that Jenny was not any better.

"I won't come in," said the doctor, "for I am just from the bedside of a man dying with black vomit; it seems strange, but the man is the very image of Bancroft. Goodness! Take care of yourself Captain, don't you get sick, for 'Yellow Jack' and Yankees don't particularly agree with each other. Tell the young lady to repeat those doses. I will try and call in again this evening."

"How far off is that case of vomit?"

"Oh a good ways! No. — Julia street. The poor fellow was dying when I left. The woman gave her name as Scroggs. I suppose he is her husband. Well, good day for the present; as I said before, I will try and call in again this evening. You

had better go in and take a strong toddy, for you look pale Captain, but don't get frightened! You may nurse a dozen cases and not take the disease, if you don't take it from real fright, as so many do."

What must he do? He hardly knows. He would not tell Maggie. Well, he would tell Martha, and see what she would say, and he entered the house without knowing exactly what to do, but after entering, concluded to tell *Martha*.

But where was she? He went in search, but could not find her.





CHAPTER XXIII.

List! his familiar step I heard,
I know 'tis his, for I sent him word
To come!
Yet, I cannot greet him,
No, not even meet him
At all.

BUT where was Martha? She was not in the dining-room or kitchen; her dinner was undisturbed, and the stove and all upon it—cold; everything was in place, all neat and nice, and table laid.

Maggie remembered to have seen her go out, and supposed, she had not yet returned.

Here was another puzzle for their brains to decipher.

Maggie, with the assistance of little Lilly, warmed and served up the dinner, as Captain Manly had been away from his post most of the day, was now compelled to return.

Some of the lonely girl's young friends called and remained awhile for company, while her aunt slept away the afternoon.

Little Charley could not be moved from his mother's side, and sat fanning her, until one of the girls in the kindness of a tender heart, pleaded with him to lie down, saying: "she would then fan both."

But where was Martha?

Evening came, and with it a crumpled note from the poor woman—the contents, about as follows:—

"Would Miss Maggie send her clothes? She had gone of her own accord to the Charity Hospital; feeling very sick she knew she could be of *no service*, only a *trouble*—and was certain now, of what she feared in the morning, that she was going to have Yellow Fever."

Faithful Martha! Thy example throws a halo around thy

brow richer than the costliest diadem, and adorns thy whole being with a glory more magnificent than the richest robes decked with the brightest and rarest jewels. Thine utter abnegation of self was truly noble, and is well worthy of imitation by all above thee in station. How few would prove so unselfish ! Ah ! it is not title or rank—society or wealth, that makes man or woman truly noble. Oh, no ! But that one, whose heart is filled with virtue, and whose mind is firmly fixed to follow the dictates of that heart in deeds of mercy, charity and brotherly love ; and where such exists, and we find it, we can truly exclaim—NOBLE, GRAND, GOD-LIKE !

* * * * *

Seven weeks have passed ; the family are still in the city. The angels of God came down and bore many loved forms away. Death threw his dart, and many victims fell by the wayside. But now he has become, as it were, satiated, for his victims are growing less in number daily, and yet, there were but few families that had not felt his blighting presence, in some form or other, or had not lost some loved one from their midst.

Jenny still fluttered on the brink of the "valley of the shadow of death," but, when her children lay side by side, and when the doctor whispered that little Lilly seemed drooping, and was afraid the tender flower could not stem the blast, she rallied.

Maggie too, had been very low. But He, who governs all, and rules even the sweeping epidemic, had not issued His edict as yet, to dissolve that little household.

Jenny had escaped the fever thus far, but when all were recovering she was stricken down, only slightly, the doctor said, yet she lingered and fell back into the same listless manner once more.

Captain Manly escaped, and yet he had been most attentive to the afflicted family.

Martha had recovered, and sought her home again. Jenny's position as teacher was filled, with the condition that it should be again for her acceptance, as soon as she had recovered, and felt able once more to resume her duties

Captain Manly had called on Mrs. Scroggs, and she gave him the particulars of what she had told Jenny.

Mr. Bancroft was *now truly* dead, died as the doctor had said with '*black vomit*,' and was *now* certainly *buried*; 'for,' said Mrs. Scroggs, "the lady had promised her payment, and she had had him decently buried, and the spot marked."

Both Captain Manly and Miss Scroggs coincided in the belief that the man found in the 'Basin' was a victim of the madman's frenzy, 'For,' said Miss Scroggs, "when Mr. Bancroft returned he had blood upon his hands, but I had no suspicion at the time of anything wrong having taken place; in fact, had not given it a thought." But this fact confirmed the Captain's belief. And thus, those two persons, entire strangers to each other, bore a terrible and heavy secret upon their consciences.

The Captain informed Miss Scroggs that Mrs. Bancroft was too ill to attend to her promise, but he would himself see that she suffered no loss, and in a few days after called again, ascertained the full amount of Jenny's indebtedness, and paid it without comment, receiving a receipt in full, made out in Jenny's name.

Since that day Jenny had never spoken of her husband, it seemed as though he had entirely passed from her mind, neither did she ever mention Harold's name or speak of the letter sent.

The evening quite cool—it being now the first of November—a small coal fire burned brightly in the grate, giving a look of cheerfulness to a cozy, but what might readily be seen, was, a sick room. The invalid lay on a lounge drawn in front of the fire. Two lovely children were playing on the rug, with blocks and picture-books. A beautiful girl, about the age of fifteen, was seated at a table intently engaged in working out geometrical problems, she looks pale and thin, so much so, that she is hardly recognizable as the sprightly and healthy Maggie Bancroft.

A ringing, firm step, one that cannot be mistaken, is heard advancing up the street—it attracts the ear of the invalid and she listens intently: as it nears the door she springs into a sit-

ting position, and her eyes dilate as if in terror—she breathes heavily; the steps halt in front of the house, passes slowly by, and she sinks back; but, listen—they return, yes, faster than before—they bound up the little steps—the invalid springs from her couch—the bell rings—and Maggie is at last conscious of what is going on around her.

She was frightened on observing her aunt, who was now standing in the middle of the floor; she who had been so debilitated, that at times could scarcely raise her head—now standing erect and vehemently exclaiming as she pointed toward the door—

"Don't let him come in! I mustn't see him." Too late! Lilly, thinking it 'Cousin Fed' as she had learned to call him, ran to the door, opened it to its fullest extent, and said in her childish prattle:

"Tum in! I'se so glad you is come Mamma is better! Look, how pootey she is!"

She saw the tall form in the great coat—saw it was not "Cousin Fed," and was about to dart away affrighted, when little Charley who had come behind his sister exclaimed:

"Oh, it's our Hal! Mamma it's Mr. Harold come back."

"Yes, it's your Hal! Charley boy," and he caught Lilly up in his broad arms: "Don't you know me little darling?"

Maggie went forward—amazement depicted upon her every feature.

Jenny had left her standing position, and was now kneeling by her lounge; but Harold even in that moment noted her action.

"Walk in, Mr. Clinton—My aunt has been, and is still very sick," said Maggie

With Lillian still in his arms, and Charley by the hand, he approached Jenny, and realized what she must be doing.

If he never loved her before—how he revered and loved her now; and putting Lillie down, he knelt besides the object of his deep devotion.

"Jenny, poor friend! I have come back to take care of your little children, they are *mine now*, as well as *yours*. Get up, and welcome me to your heart and home."

Maggie looked a little scornful, and said :

"Mr. Clinton, my uncle is dead 'tis true, but at present my aunt is in no condition for excitement; she has been very low, and for seven weeks has not been like her usual self."

"Who says your uncle is dead? 'Tis *false!* I saw him on the bed in that low woman's house, and I must *go* to him."

"She doesn't know what she is saying, Mr. Clinton. Lie down aunty, and take some of these drops."

"I can't Maggie! I must go. Don't come near me Harold!" Harold was bewildered.

Another footstep is heard. The children open the door, and cousin Fed enters.

His surprise too, was great, but he was truly pleased to see his friend again.

"Ah, Captain! I'm glad you've come," said Jenny, "for now we can remove my husband."

Maggie exchanged looks with Manly as she said: "My aunt talks strangely this evening. Come children let's go in to tea, and you too, Mr. Clinton—will take a cup will you not? You are running a great risk by coming into this part of the city now, and a warm cup of tea will—"

"Let Clinton stay, Maggie," said Manly, "take the children, keep our supper warm until by and by, and won't you ask Martha to give us something nice and hot beside the tea? Those oysters I sent up this evening—I will get more for to-morrow's dinner; they will be a treat to Mrs. Bancroft I know."

Maggie frowned, but called the children and went out.

"Sit down old fel—I want to talk to Mrs. Bancroft. Jenny, you have been very sick, and have had some terrible dream or nightmare. Your husband is no longer living—that I will swear to before God; and Mr. Clinton! I will swear that he is *dead!* That I know that he is dead! When you are a little better, perhaps to-morrow, I will show you the proofs. Make up your mind my good friend to get well right away, and as your Yankee brother, who is also anxious to become your nephew, I will give you to this ugly fellow here. I shall give you up now, so look to him from this night. I'll go now,

and look after my own girl and the oyster supper, and if you are right good Madam Jenny, you shall have a taste; but if not, Harold and I will eat the whole lot. Are you satisfied?"

He was gone, and Jenny and Harold were again alone.

"What a boy! Yet a noble heart truly," thought Harold, and as he approached Jenny, he said:

"My darling! my own darling!" and he pressed her trembling form to his heart, "nothing shall ever again divide us, my only love." He kissed her brow, cheek and lips.

At last the fount that had been so long sealed was rent asunder by those endearing terms and tones, and she wept—wept silently and unrestrainedly for some time. At last Harold spoke in soothing tones:—

"That will do now, darling;" he went to the table and poured out some water, held it to her lips, and she drank a little. "Rest now, my darling, and I will sit by you. Have you no good claret, or wine of any kind, love?" She shook her head, then faintly whispered "that she was out of wine, but Fred didn't know it." "You must have some," he said, and was about to go for it, but she held him by the hand, and said: "No, no, Martha will go presently."

He sat down and held her hand, bending over now and then to smooth the ripples in her hair, and kiss her pale brow.

In a little while Manly returned, with Martha carrying a waiter, on which was toast, tea and a steaming plate of oyster soup. Martha was now introduced to Harold as one of Jenny's most faithful friends.

"You shall never regret it, my good woman," said Harold, "but now Mrs. Bancroft should have the best of wine."

"Have you no wine, Jenny?" put in Manly.

"Just out," she said.

"Well, I'll step down to the corner and get a bottle for to-night; but remember madam, I am going to give you up. Harold make her eat, that is what she most needs now."

Jenny ate the soup with a relish that warmed the heart of Martha, and she pronounced her looking better already.

"We must cease giving these little particulars, for we have

wound round and round the stream, until we are near the end of our destination.

Suffice to say LOVE is the best physician we know of, and KINDNESS the best nurse, and that Jenny soon felt their united effects upon her willing self.

Six months rolled around, before Jenny could be induced to give her hand in holy wedlock to the only man she ever truly loved. She had been told the particulars of her husband's death; and thus we, with her, will leave *him* in the hands of an *ever* merciful God, not judging him according to our finite minds, but remembering that we, like him, are but human, and have our sins of commission and omission recorded in full array against us. Let us plead earnestly for ourselves, and pluck the beam out of our own eye, before we condemn; and then we can feel a little charity, and show it toward our weaker brethren; as it is, we are not fit judges. Is it not written "*judge not, lest ye be judged,*" then, let us take heed lest we fall; and let us learn a lesson on charity. Let the sad circumstances that attended poor Mr. Bancroft's weakness, be a life-long lesson and warning to "taste not, touch not, handle not"—for "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?—They that tarry long at the wine." Beware of it then my readers, for, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." And if in writing this, it be the humble means in God's hand of warning any of those of my fellow beings that are victims of that debasing vice, Intemperance, of its evil effects in the dismembering of social ties, and the total ruin of many a household; and if this little story has the power to make such reflect, and ask themselves, must I die *thus*? and from such reflections rise up in the strength of their manhood, cast the accursed thing aside, determining no longer to be its slave; then it has accomplished its purpose, and not been written in vain.

Jenny had made many objections to marrying, for she thought Harold was poor; and did not wish that she and her children should be a burden to him, but he had overruled

that objection by telling and convincing her, that to the contrary—"he had considerable means."

Mrs. Frisk too, had put in stray objections, saying many hard things about Harold, abusing him to every one she met; but that had only added fuel to the flame of love which Jenny felt for "the stranger," as Mrs. Frisk had called him.

But at last kind reader—devotion has met its reward and they are made as happy as it is permitted two human beings who are joined in the bonds of matrimony to be. He had obtained the object of his deep devoted, and all absorbing passion, and she—well, she was perfectly satisfied.

Jenny was still delicate—some whispered "consumption." Harold heard of these whisperings and persuaded Jenny to consent to go to California, and live there for a time, upon a small place that he had purchased near to the coast of the great Pacific, and which she found upon her arrival, to be literally, and almost perfect paradise.

Maggie could not be persuaded to go, but declared she intended to become a teacher, and not depend longer on other people for a support.

Frequent letters pass between them. Jenny writes that they are very happy. Charley is improving and promises to be a fine scholar. Lilly is a perfect pet of Harold's, and that Harold himself, is all that ever her mind conceived him to be—"in fact"—she writes—"I am very happy."

In a couple of years after, Jenny wrote to aunt Betty Evans "that they have no other children as yet, "but for Harold's sake, dear aunty, I long to clasp a living image of himself to my breast. I am sorry to see Maggie still clings to that foolish whim of hers—of not wanting or wishing to marry, until Louisiana is free, Can't you persuade her to be reasonable?" and furthermore, she spoke in most loving and sisterly manner of Capt. Manly, wishing him every happiness earth could give.



CHAPTER XXIV.

"They waited but a leader, and they found,
One to their cause inseparably bound."

MAGGIE wielded a secret power, and in course of time many felt, but few realized its extent; even to the present time, only her most intimate friends are aware of that little undercurrent that assisted in stemming the reckless and cruel torrents—in removing the rocks, shoals and torpedoes, that had been aimed at, and used, whereon to wreck and ruin her beloved State—and also assisted in the endeavors then being made, to counteract the direful effects left by the blasts of former fierce and raging storms.

The ambitious girl plead ardently to remain behind in the city, to finish her course of study—when Jenny had decided to take her children and make that long-expected, but postponed visit into the country—she being at the time a competitor for the highest prize awarded the most excellent in her class, and was in a fair way to win, which she did eventually; also obtaining other rewards of the highest merit, as she passed through the different grades, until she became a graduate with high honors.

Boarding was expensive in the city, and Jenny had not then the means of affording that gratification; but Harold's heart was overflowing with human kindness, and his purse being well filled he proffered his assistance, which was a little galling at first to Maggie's pride, but which finally, she gracefully accepted.

Maggie studied now with a new vim, for she had conceived a new object for doing so, that of repaying Mr. Clinton, and she had often declared her intention of becoming nothing less than Principal in the High School in the course of a few

years; and to her credit she finally accomplished her intentions,

She was placed to board with a motherly lady, that had been so unfortunate as to lose an only daughter, by death; an extremely homely girl, but a most agreeable companion, and Maggie's most intimate friend; therefore, she was thrice welcome to the lonely stricken heart, as also to the miserly but sorely grieved father.

Mrs. Winston was a Southern lady with Southern feelings. Mr. Winston a Southern man with Radical principles. But it was *money* that wielded the influence, as it did with so many, both rich and poor, at that time; yes, at all times; for we find many of both classes that worship the almighty dollar, especially those of the latter; for they will be as deceitful as deceit can be, and in every conceivable manner possible.

When Maggie first made her home with these friends, she was not fully aware how deeply Mr. Winston was concerned in political affairs, but she used her power well.

Capt. Manly had been North for a couple of months, and upon returning, he found Maggie had become the centre of a little ring that was formed in opposition and defiance to the gross insults, that were heaped on as brave a people as ever before struggled for liberty; and a freedom from a bondage that still strove to rivet the manacles still stronger and tighter, upon their already deeply tortured limbs. And though her lover still wore the "blue," he would not demean himself by joining the band that were devouring the vitals of the "fallen gray," heeding not the cries of anguish and appeals for mercy, that well'd into piteous wails; nor the scalding tear drops, that unceasingly fell from the overstrained eyes, strained in the agonizing gaze to find even *one soft ray of pity*, and a relenting of the grasp that held them so tightly. Neither could he at present join his fate with theirs, although he fully sympathized with them. So he nobly and bravely held aloof.

Not only did the influence of Maggie's love have weight in balancing the scales for right with him, but his noble nature and true sense of RIGHT and JUSTICE, bade him as far as

compatible with his duties as a Federal officer, to advocate and exert himself in the cause of humanity ; or in other words to befriend State Rights, and uphold a strict adherence to the PEACE POLICY, so valiantly promised, yet so utterly disregarded by some in high command.

Several years passed, while often, very often, the lover pressed Maggie to name an early date for their marriage. But she was still wayward—if anything, more stubborn ; and invariably gave the same answer : “ No, she could not ! She had vowed never to give up the old ‘ State Ship,’ and if she married, why what could she do, but to settle down and become an old woman ? Household duties would necessarily occupy her time. Well, she was’nt willing to give up her freedom yet anyhow.”

He grew sick and tired waiting. A rupture of engagement was the consequence ; and, though they loved each other—they parted in anger.

After some days, he obtained leave of absence from his duties ; repeated his visit home ; stayed there but a few days ; then decided to visit St. Louis, where a favorite sister of his resided, and while there the Pacific Railroad was completed. Of course the subject of how it would succeed, etc., etc., became the all engrossing theme of the day.

He, feeling unhappy, and discontented with himself and everything around, suddenly determined to run the risk, and be one of the number to take a trip over the hazardous route by the first train that started for that purpose, and if he succeeded in reaching San Francisco in safety, he would visit his old friend of the Gray, Sir Harold Clinton, and his devoted family ; for many times in their correspondence with each other, Harold had urged him to make them a visit, and insisting on Maggie’s bearing him company as his bride ; but, pshaw ! that was now done with ; she would never go with him, he’d go alone ; this was a good chance, and, what if he did perish by the way, would *she* care or grieve ?

“ A wild goose chase,” said his sister and entreated him to remain with her, “ or better still” she said, “ return to your company.”

Nevertheless, he made the trip, and became enraptured with the grand and varied scenery, lovely landscapes and views, that presented themselves as they dashed swiftly along the sometime lonely looking and dangerous pathway of the IORN HORSE.

Equally delighted was he to reach the lovely home, and greet once more face to face, the friends, whose friendship he prized next to those of his own kith and kin; but even there, he could not find the content his heart yearned; in that haven that was so free from care he grew restless, and after a stay of only a few days bade them adieu, and returned to his post of duty.

Maggie in the meantime had been honored with an offer of the hand and heart of an honorable Southern gentleman; one whose private and public life had never felt one single touch of stigma.

They had both worked in, and for, the same cause; and often she received his attention, and was pleased with his society; never thinking of her own charms, and forgetting what might be the future consequence. When too late, the mischief having been done, she was grieved to discover that she had unwittingly planted a thorn in the bosom of her companion and co-worker.

Mr. Winston had become very fond of Maggie's society, she constantly reminded him of his own darling daughter; they would have the hardest contentions and arguments on politics, but always friendly; but he slowly and gradually changed through Maggie's influence, and that of his gentle wife; he returned to nobler thoughts of his country's wrongs, and he, with other intimate friends, came to view affairs in their proper light, which caused them to do deeds of honor that will ever redound to their credit and good name; and all through little wayward Maggie and the power that she wielded for the liberty of her State—her beloved home.

During these days, many times ladies were insulted and disgusted, with sights loathsome to modesty being publicly enacted, as if in direct insult to innocent youth and blushing, modest virtue; while the language which fell from lips pol-

luted by, and from its grossness, would send the blood surging through one's veins with maddening shame and speed.

One instance, instancing the above assertion :

At the time of the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to New Orleans, Maggie and two lady friends were the disgusted hearers of some remarks that fell from the sweet scented (?) lips of *two colored* LADIES (who, being alike, were just and equal, I suppose) who had been allowed tickets to the seats erected on St. Charles street, for the accommodation of spectators to view the "Carnival"—the "Duke" and the "Governor."

Unconscious that the two women at their feet were colored, these two lady friends and Maggie seated themselves, and in a moment more, other ladies filled in the space around, and as the Duke and Governor appeared before the public, these ladies (?) of color set up an immediate chatter—said one:—

"Dar he am now, bress his heart! A'nt um hansum man as you eber seed? Dat ar forren feller needn't try to shine by him! I jest tell yer what 'tis Sally, I'm gwine to set my cap for him. Now don't yer go in fer to cut me out; I'll tell yer gal, if yer do, I'll hev to guv yer a licking, an I's de gal wot ken du it."

"Now, Suke, yer just shet up yer big boasting; yer knows I'm de belle—fer de odder day wen I was a pradin wid dat wite gemman, I met dat hansum feller what yer's talkin' 'bout, an him smiled de most beautifulest on me."

Suke denied the assertion in vehement and most impure and obscene language; in fact, too indecent to soil the pages of any book whatever, while the balance of those sweet (?) belles' conversation was entirely obscene, even for the ears of the coarsest, for it was simply outrageous; and yet, such creatures were honored with tickets to seats among the tender, sensitive, and pure minded daughters, sisters, mothers and innocent children of many States—for it was on the afternoon of the day of New Orleans' great "Mardi Gras" Festival.

What would have been the feelings of poor Louisiana's then Governor had he been aware that he was the object of

so great (?) admiration, besides being the target for sly hints, and vulgar scandals, repeated for the benefit of "dem white wimmen."

A colored person never says *white lady*, but *white woman*, while their own color, no matter how black both skin and reputation may be, is "*that lady*."

Some, may think the above incident an exaggeration, but there are others who can verify the assertion of its truthfulness.

And you may feel assured that those ladies who heard the above conversation, and eulogy, removed their proximity to those Black Roses as soon as possible.

This happened while Maggie was in the city pursuing her studies, and to the present she never reads of, hears of, or meets that *handsome man*, that she does not think of that same conversation.

* * * *

They waited but a leader.

The election of 1876 is approaching. She is beginning to tire of her present life, or path she has chosen. Visions of a sweet hope, a cozy home and a fond heart to lean upon, would, in spite of all, haunt her in her dreaming hours.

Captain Manly, through the kindly influence of Mrs. Winston, offered himself for Maggie's acceptance once more, having remained true to the last; and she could not, *dare not* reject him now, for she too had suffered. So the time is now set for the wedding, "as soon as Tilden and *Nichols* are elected," she said.

Jenny and Harrold were entreated to make a visit, and as Jenny expressed a wish to visit her old home once more, Harrold at once made ready to gratify that wish.

They too, gave the Pacific Road a trial, as Jenny dreaded the journey by sea.

In handsome rooms of the ill-fated Southern Hotel of St. Louis, we find them. Charlie has grown to be quite a handsome youth, but still a cripple, and bids fair to become a star in the firmament of fame in the rising generation, for already

his sweet poems and touching strains, born from the heart of his blighted life, is felt by many true lovers of the muse.

Lilly, still delicate—a fragile flower beautiful as any pictured fancy can portray, has a passion for music, and as her indulgent step-father is himself an artist in that line, she had every advantage, and profited by them, for at the age of fourteen, even younger, she is an unexceptional performer.

They are both in the parlor of the hotel with some young friends that have called—nieces of Captain Manly, while Harold is with his wife in their own private sitting room; on his knee he held an exact counterpart of his own finely cast features. Perhaps he is not proud; prouder than the highest dignitary? We'll see! Let us take a peep, and we shall see that joy and happiness lights up every smile.

His wife stood by his side, he reaches up, and gather both to his bosom.

"My own precious darlings!" said he "Ah, Jenny, my own precious love! Do not let us forget God and our other children in our great love and pride in this little beauty, for really darling, I think she is the loveliest child I ever saw."

Jenny perhaps felt a little jealous for her delicate Lilly—for she said: "Prettier than Lilly was, Harold."

"Healthier looking my own—Lilly was. pretty—features beautiful, but she never had the vivacity of this saucy romp."

Yes, she was a little beauty! Harold and Jenny's child, and truly a saucy little pet. Two years of age when they visit Jenny's old home and the scene of their first love.

The child held up her tiny rosebud lips, and asked "Mamma to tiss her," and begged for a drink of water.

Jenny went across the room to a table—partly fills a glass, her old superstition having gradually worn off, when lo! it slips from her hand and falls upon the marble top-table, and is shattered. In an instant the old feeling revived, the incidents that followed the two preceding accidents of the broken goblets crossed her mind—she felt deadly faint and would have fallen, had not her husband quickly put down the child, and sprang to her side and caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Harold! The warning has come again! There is

something going to happen! Oh, my children! Where are they?"

"The children are in the parlor, love. Don't let idle superstition fill your christian mind. Be brave, darling!"

"Oh, do my dear husband let's quit this city, now, right away! Something is going to happen I am sure."

"Certainly, my love, if you wish, and it will satisfy you—we will leave; for you know your wishes are my law."

They departed same day, and well they did, for not many hours after their departure for New Orleans, the Southern Hotel was a smouldering ruin, and from thence, though by nature not at all superstitious, Harold himself felt slightly so, but the feeling at length wore away; but still, he never allowed Jenny to use anything for drinking purposes except gold-lined silver goblets, of which he purchased two, and carried them along wherever they went when travelling.

Prior to the inaugural of Gov. Nichols, while both factions were contending for the State Government, Maggie was wending her way along a street usually unfrequented by her, when a woman apparently a few years older, but resembling herself in features, stopped her and said:

"Don't go further down Miss Bancroft, for there are many cases of small-pox on the very next corner.

Being an entire stranger to Maggie, and she a stranger in that locality, she felt greatly suprised at the woman calling her by her name.

"How do you know that I am Miss Bancroft, Madam? You an entire stranger to me."

The woman smiled, and a woe-begone look flit across her features as she answered;—

"I saw you when you first came in the city to live, and have seen you often since then. I also saw your beautiful aunt once, and, oh, how I longed to have such another lady for my mother, I knew your uncle well."

"Ah, that is a strange longing surely! Truly you must be about the same age as my aunt. She will be in the city soon."

"I have seen *her* husband too. What a nice gentleman he is. She must be *happy now*, Miss Bancroft."

"Very happy, I believe!" "How strange!" thought Maggie, but she did not wish to stand on the street to attract observation, neither did she wish to extend the conversation with the strange woman, and though she was inclined to be strong minded, or thought so anyway, she was dreadfully afraid of the loathsome disease, so retraced her steps a short distance, then crossed a more prominent thoroughfare.

A couple of days after this event a note was left at the house for Maggie, which thus read:—

"Miss Bancroft:

"As your friend and that of the whites of this city, I want to tell you to warn your friends of much plotting and secret meetings of some low whites and the *blacks*. I could tell more, but if I put you on your guard that will be enough, I am low myself, but would not stoop to mix as some do, but still I am not fit to come into your presence. I am the woman who spoke to you the other day on C—— street."

There was no name signed to the warning thus sent. "A strange woman," said Maggie, "what curious things do come to light, Heig-ho! I can guess now who that woman is. Poor Jenny, no wonder you were crazed after that visit to No. — Julia street.

On that glorious day when Gov. Nichols was inaugurated, a colored boy said to a number of ladies in a boarding house, "That the white women had better not go on the street, for the colored people intended to kill every woman and child."

Many such threats were made, still that did not deter hundreds of fair ones, participating in the event, namely, inaugurating a true Southerner, once more, a Democratic Governor.

Our Governor being recognized, Capt. Manly could now fairly claim the hand of the woman for whom he had awaited so patiently.

Harold and Jenny, with their family arrived in safety, and in a few weeks afterwards, the Captain with his affianced stood before an ordained minister of the gospel, giving submissively the answers to questions propounded by the worthy man, and left his presence as husband and wife.

Only a few intimate friends were present on that occasion, but among the number, sitting a greater part of the evening by the side of Jenny, was her faithful, good and kind old country friend and physician, Doctor Grumble; while Harold seemed intent close by, entertaining a gray-haired lady of country style and manners, our veritable good Aunt Betsy Evans that was—but now, and for several years past, Mrs. Doctor Grumble. Said the old doctor: "I got tired living alone, found one good woman beside my pet here," alluding to Jenny—"so I pleaded with the old lady like a good fellow, and though she told me to go away with my nonsense—after awhile she swung round, and now to pay me off, she swings me round, only I would have my own way on this occasion, and have swung her here to have a glimpse of Louisiana's Governor, and to see Miss Maggie made Manly."

Doctor Grumble told Harold, and Aunt Betsy informed Jenny of a confession made by a woman who had lived with old Mrs. Doestick. Parties having acted wrongfully they attempted to fix the disgrace upon an innocent person, but "truth will out," and "bad blood will tell" for in course of time the whole secret leaked out, and while the wicked acts of these same parties were repeated, Harold's name was cleared, and that, without his once lifting a finger in the matter.

And now we are drawing near the close of this little story.

Harold's mother had written time and again begging him to return, that she longed to see his face, hear his voice, and clasp him to her bosom once more, ere she closed her eyes on this world. She also wished to meet his wife and their children.

Harold's brother having been dead some two years, he thought it was his duty to return and assume his duties that were paramount as lord of the manor.

When their little girl came to complete their happiness, he enquired of Jenny: "What shall we call our darling?" and she replied as she smoothed back the curls from his brow, and kissing it; "call her after mother, Elinor."

"My precious wife! It shall be as you say," and their little

girl was christened "Elinor Clinton" by a true messenger of God, a young minister, that had been Jenny's friend while she was yet a stranger in New Orleans.

Harold, now Lord Clinton, and Jenny his beloved and happy wife, and now mother of two boys and two girls, are at his boyhood's home, with his mother, and, that lady thinks there were never such paragons of beauty and goodness, as her daughter and grand-children.

Lady Geneva had married well, and lived near her aunt.

Old Mrs. Frisk makes much ado about her sister-in-law being the wife of an "English Lord," she "always did think Clinton a gentleman, some people used to talk about him, he did not have many friends, but she wondered, what they would say now?"

Oh, ye mercenary hypocrites! 'Tis money that makes the man with *you*! 'Tis *gold* that oils *your* tongue with words of loving kindness and forgiveness, whilst biting poverty receives nothing from you but words of censure, looks of scorn, and the cold shoulder. Do you imagine that your deceit and duplicity escapes the all-searching eye of the Almighty, or that you or I can pass the "JUDGMENT" unquestioned? You may perchance, for a few years deceive the world as you pass through it, but beware! beware! for the time is sure to arrive, when the mask will fall, and expose the distorted grovelling features of the whining hypocrite, to the astonished gaze of an innumerable throng.

Mrs. Frisk could never forgive her sister for marrying Doctor Grumble, it having been a standing joke in the community some time, "that Frisk couldn't Grumble worth a cent," but, "that her sister Betty Evans could Grumble as much as she pleased," which joke caused Mrs. Frisk to become sorely offended and to say, "that she would never forgive her sister for having made her the object of such ridiculous nonsense."

The faithful Martha lived for several years as servant to Mrs. Winston, and afterward married a wealthy German, and in whose home Maggie spent many pleasant hours, and upon her wedding day, both Martha and her husband made her some very handsome presents.

Yellow Charles murdered a white man, but as "Justice" was asleep at that period, he escaped the just punishment he deserved, but he was afterward mortally wounded in a drunken brawl, and when dying confessed that it was he who set fire to Jenny's lovely house. He died cursing his Yankee friends.

"Old Dan's owner surrounded him with comforts as long as he lived, and nursed him on his death-bed.

Maggie still wields a power, but confined to her own sweet home, where she and her brave-hearted yankee husband live most happily. *He* never cheated his government enough to give his wife a solitaire, or a diamond cluster, yet she is contented.

Harold and Jenny can never forget Manly or his pastkindness, they had invited both himself and wife to make them a visit. They accepted the invitation without ceremony, crossed the Atlantic in one of the Cunard steamers and were met by their friends upon landing on the hospitable shores of Great Britain, and now they are enjoying themselves with those loved friends in "Merrie England" and the discarded, but *immortalized* Gray, in the person of Lord Clifton once again clasps hands with the noble representative of the Blue, his warm-hearted friend, Fred. Manly. A few days after Captain Manly and Maggie's arrival Harold generously invited all to take a trip with himself and family to the Paris Exposition.

What a reunion!

* * * * *

Before closing, we again must plead for charity to wield her benign influence, and throw a shield of tender pity over her, who in her fearful temptation had nearly forgotten that marriage vow, which at best to her so far, had proved to be but a hollow mockery; and yet, no vow is more binding; none more holy or sacred; it lasts until death dissolves the tie; and we believe not in divorce, for "those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But she was a young neglected wife, so young at the time of her marriage, that she knew not what she did. Yet even that plea does not excuse her, for the holy bond or marriage vow, will not admit a doubt

as to its entirety, and must be kept as a whole; "for better or worse, richer or poorer, in sickness or in health, until death do us part." Enough to say she retained and valued above rubies, her honor and virtue, and in the words of Solomon will say :—

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies, the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, she will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life."

Adieu my readers. I have endeavored to give you a page out of life's history, trusting I have only written that which will cement the "BLUE and GRAY" in closest friendship.

I will ere long send another leaf out of the diary of one, who is a lover of all that is pure and true, good and beautiful; and while my tongue or pen shall ever speak or write, it will be in behalf of *him*, who if not a Tilden, was the first to accord to our beloved State, the sacred right of self-government, and which is now raising her to her former elevation among her sister States.

So let her peace-loving children join hands and hearts and assist our much esteemed Governor, in striving to raise our State to its former prestige and glory, giving peace to our bosoms, offering and affording protection and comfort to strangers while in our midst, and forever uphold the beacon light of Heaven's greatest blessing to mankind—"LIBERTY." And forever may

The light of Liberty warm each breast
With generous impulse to each other;
Adhering truly to PEACE and rest
'Tween NORTH and SOUTH, Brother and Brother.

Amen, repeat day after day:
May frienship weave from shore to shore
Cementing closely BLUE and GRAY
In freedom's Union for evermore.

PEACE—*evermore*.

LOUISIANA.

Finis.



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